Mr. Crammond

SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR JANUARY, 1809.

FROM AIKIN'S ANNUAL REVIEW.

Struggles through Life; exemplified in the various Travels and Adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of Lieutenant JOHN HARRIOTT, formerly of Rochefort, in Essex; now Resident Magistrate of the Thames Police. 2 vols. 12mo. pp 375 and 347. London—This work is now in the press of James Humphreys, Philadelphia, and will speedily be published in two vols. 12 mo. price to subscribers $2 bound and lettered.

THERE is anecdote and adventure enough in these volumes to satisfy the keenest avidity; but many of them are related in so rough and vulgar a manner that we cannot venture to recommend them to ladies or gentlemen of very refined sensibilities or very delicate ears. Be it known, however, that ladies and gentlemen who can read Peregrine Pickle and Roderick Random, and who like to hear a sailor tell his story in his own way, may venture to accompany Mr. Harriott in his "Struggles through Life."

Mr. H. "took his first bias for travelling or going to sea, from reading Robinson Crusoe." At the age of thirteen he sailed as a midshipman on board a ship of war for New York, and whilst lying there performed an act of humanity which did credit to his feelings. A poor girl, whose mother kept a tavern at St. John's Newfoundland, had been seduced by an officer, who brought her to England, and then deserted her. She passed over to Ireland, where she had some relations, but determined to return to America, and went in a brig filled with redemptioners; that is to say, persons who redeem the price of their passage by the sale of their services for a certain term of years. This poor girl came to market for sale when Mr. Harriott was there, and relating her unhappy tale, he purchased her of the captain, and sent her in a schooner to Newfoundland, where he afterwards went himself and was welcomed with tears of gratitude by the mother and the daughter.

His captain had now orders to sail for Gibraltar. After a smart engagement he captured a French frigate, and cruised up the Mediterranean. At Leghorn our hero falls in love, and gives a whimsical account of his fair inamorata's prudence in the suppression of her passion.

On his return home, the vessel was wrecked within three miles of the Mewstone Rock, off Plymouth Sound, and as it had caught the plague a twelvemonth before, when cruising in the Levant, it was with great difficulty that any assistance was to be procured.

Mr. Harriott, however, is at last safely landed, and receives a very good offer of business from one of his relations; but the sedentary and monotonous routine of a counting house ill suits his rambling genius. He goes to sea again; is present at the attack of the Havanna, and at the re-taking of Newfoundland from the French. At the ensuing peace he is once more cast adrift on the world; gets employment in sundry merchant ships, but is so disgusted with the service that he retires from it. Having nothing else to do, Mr. Harriott now pays a visit to the savages in North America. He had made a promise of this sort to some Indian chiefs a twelve month before and now fulfilled it. After a residence of four months among them, kiss

ing the squaws and hunting with the sachems, he re-crosses the Atlantick, and enters into the military service of the East India Company. His destination was Masulipatam, where Mr. Harriott received many hospitalities. Indeed, he had made himself so completely master of the new discipline which was then introduced into the army, that although a sailor, he was employed in drilling the adjutants, serjeants, &c. who again drilled the men of their respective companies under his inspection.

After having been thus employed for several months, Mr. Harriott was very unexpectedly appointed judge advocate for the Northern Circars, an office which he has the modesty to acknowledge he was entirely unqualified for. "Having accepted it, however," says he, "I seriously studied its very important duties, and by close attention, I trust that for several years, while I held the appointment, I discharged those duties faithfully and honourably."

Whilst in India, our hero had the misfortune to be so severely wounded in the leg as to render him incapable of future service. Once in three years the rajahs are convened together at some appointed place by one of the Company's civil servants, accompanied by a suitable parade of military, in order to settle the jemibunda, or rent to be paid by them for the tract of land, villages, &c. which they hold of the company as their lord paramount. The jemibunda for the ensuing three years is, probably, but little if at all increased; but the douceur to the chief who fixes it is squeezed to the utmost. The evil consequence of this system falls upon the husbandman, who to support the diminished means of splendour in his Rajah, is compelled to give a half or perhaps two-thirds of his crop instead of one third. The husbandman, unwilling to leave his native fields, submits to this extortion as long as he can. At last necessity drives him from home, and he flies beyond the company's territory. When at Condapillee in Golconda, Mr. Harriott was an eye witness of the difference between the prosperity and population of the country that did not belong to the Company on the western side of the hills on which the fort stood, and the once fertile plains of Golconda to the eastward belonging to the company. After he had been about twelve months in the fort of Condapillee, Mr. Harriott was ordered to join his battalion and march against a rajah who had declined meeting the chief at Rajahmundra, where the jemibunda was to have been settled, and who afterwards refused to pay the rent affixed to the territory he held. The rajah depended too much on the natural strength of his situation, amid hills, bamboo woods and jungles. He fell, and his country was taken possession of, but not before we had lost several officers and many men. It was in this expedition that Mr. Harriott received that wound which made it necessary for him to return to England.

Our adventurer having declined to practise as a lawyer in the courts of Madras, to which he was invited by a friend who was making a fortune in the profession, although as ignorant of it as himself, he took his passage for Bencoolen in a Bombay ship bound to Acheen, in the island of Sumatra. The object of the captain was to trade all along the coasts in the Malay as well as in the English and Dutch ports, and he was very anxious to have the company of Mr. Harriott, as he might considerably promote his interests in a manner which he could explain on the voyage. In crossing the Bay of Bengal several water spouts were seen.

"While we were making remarks upon them, and comparing their different appearances, our attention was suddenly called by a loud hissing noise; and, turning about, we observed the sea on our larboard bow in a strange commotion, bubbling and rising up in hundreds of little sharp pyramidical forms, to various heights, alternately falling and rising within an apparent circle, whose diameter might be about sixty feet.

"It was soon evident that another water spout was beginning to form, in a critical situation for us, not being half the ship's length off. All was alarm and confusion. Captain P—— was soon upon deck; but neither he nor any other on board knew from experience what was best to be done. It was nearly impossible to withdraw the eye from this object. The sea, within the circle of its influence, boiled up with increasing rage and height, whirling round with great velocity and an indescribable hissing kind of noise. At times, the water was thus raised nearly as high as the fore-yard; then sinking, as from some impediment or obstruction, and again commencing as before.

"We had all heard of firing guns at water spouts, and directions were given accordingly; yet, though we had several loaded, not one was found in condition. They only burned priming. Orders were then given to load a fresh gun: but, excepting the mate, it was difficult to get any one to move, so rivetted and fixed with gaping astonishment were all the Lascars and people on board. While the mate was busy after the carriage gun, Captain P—— and I concluded it would be right to try the effect of making a slight concussion in the air, by getting all the people to exert their lungs by loud cheers. God only knows whether this did really produce any good effect, but we fancied so. I had a lighted match in readiness; and, when the mate had loaded and primed the gun, I fired it, and two or three salutes caused the whole to subside. The ship was not in the least affected the whole time, except by the undulating swell when the water fell down again; yet, from the whirlwind kind of hissing, we were in momentary expectation of seeing the yards and masts torn to atoms and whirled into the air, and doubtful whether the whole of the ship might not soon be engulphed in the vortex."

At Acheen, a roguish adventure is related, which gave our hero a pleasant reception among the Malay chiefs. The captain had hinted at some project which might materially serve his own interests. It was to introduce Mr. Harriott at the court of Acheen as a very great man, and to obtain through his means a remission of port duties, &c.

"To this end, he had Sepoy uniforms made for some of the Lascars belonging to the ship, who were to appear as my body guard as often as required.

"On Captain P——'s going on shore at Acheen, he waited upon the sultan's agent for regulations of the port; acquainting him, a British officer was on board the ship, who, from a strong desire to pay his respects to the Great Sultan of Acheen, before he returned to England, had crossed the bay for such purpose, but would not land until assured of a reception suitable to the dignity of the great monarch he served. This compliment was well suited to the meridian of Acheen.

"By the sultan's orders, a boat, or rather a barge, was sent off to the ship; in which boat were the agent and several officers of his court, who invited me, in the sultan's name, to grace his palace. The ship's guns saluted them as they came on board; saluted me on leaving the ship, attended by my guard; and, on approaching the shore, we were so closely saluted by guns of an enormous calibre, that we would gladly have excused the compliment of being fired at so near our heads. On landing, I was met by an Indian Portuguese, a resident merchant, who spoke English fluently. He was to act as interpreter. Other officers of the court were with him, to receive and attend me to the palace; on entering which, the guns of the place fired another salute, which was repeated by the guns on a battery and by the ship.

"The ceremonies of introduction to princes of the east were grown familiar to me, and I plainly observed that my regimental uniform was a novel attraction to the sultan and all his court. I was most graciously received, and acknowledge I rather exceeded the truth when repeating what Captain P—— had advanced, respecting my desire to see so great a sultan before I left India: and I believe the little that I did say was considerably enlarged upon by the Portuguese merchant, who, I understood afterwards, was as much interested in my favourable reception as Captain P——; for, without permission from the sultan, no ship was allowed to trade, and was frequently refused until considerable presents were made; all which was smothered down, and the permission obtained, through my means."

Within a week Captain P—— was enabled to dispose of such part of his cargo as suited the Malay market (opium and blue long cloths in exchange for gold dust) to great advantage.

The Malays, we know, are a very ferocious people. Their punishments are represented to be of the most sanguinary kind. Mr. H. says that in

his walks, particularly in the bazar, or market place, he saw many mutilated persons. These he found to be culprits, punished, according to their offences, by the *chopping* off of a hand or foot. Some, whose offences had been repeated, had neither hand nor foot left. The foot is taken off at a single stroke a little above the ankle; a bamboo cane is prepared ready for the occasion, adapted to the size and length of the culprits's leg, the hollow of which cane is nearly filled with heated *dammer*, a resinous substance something like pitch. When the punishment is inflicted, the bleeding stump is thrust into this heated resin within the bamboo, which as it is cooled becomes fixed. Thus, if the victim survives this delicate operation he is provided with an excellent bamboo jury leg to stump about on.

Mr. Harriott proceeded to Bencoolen, where he remained ten months. He did not escape the effects of this unhealthy climate, but was attacked with a raging fever *which he cured by the repeated affusion of cold water during its paroxyisms* (p. 217, vol. 1.) For several years he had been in the habit of having large Cudjaree-pots of water thrown over him in a morning; and during the violence of the hot land winds on the coast of Coromandel, of retiring after dinner to some shady place where a breeze of wind might be caught. There he would sit, with nothing on but a banyan shirt and long drawers, and keep a towel constantly wetted with cold water about his temples for the space of an hour or two. The consequence of this practice, says he, was, that in the evenings, while all were complaining of lassitude and weariness, I felt refreshed and strong. Observing the dreadful fatality of fevers under the care of professional men, Mr. Harriott had determined to be his own physician in case he should be attacked. Immediately on feeling himself unwell he gave his own orders to his servants, and the event justified his practice.

From Sumatra, Mr. Harriott returns to England, stopping in his passage at the Cape, and at St. Helena. He marries; but within the first year his wife dies in child-bed and her babe with her. His domestick happiness being thus suddenly uprooted he becomes unsettled; he had taken a little farm in his native village, hoping to pass the remainder of his days in peace and retirement.

The fates, however, had differently ordained it. The wanderer lost all relish for a home which had been bereaved of all its attractions. He travels about his own country for a few months, when, at the invitation of a relation, he commences underwriter at Lloyd's. Here he thinks he might have done well, but mere hazard of money for money did not accord with his feelings. "Although I never feared buffeting real storms and tempests, I soon began to find my pillow was not so easy and pleasant as it had been, owing to imaginary dreams of them." Discovering, then, that he was not intended for a gambler, he quits Lloyd's, marries again, engages largely in farming and in an extensive liquor trade. This second marriage involves our hero in some of the hardest and most serious struggles of his eventful life. Of his wife he speaks in very handsome terms; but her father became a bankrupt for more than sixty thousand pounds a few months after his marriage, and committed a forgery in his name to a very large amount. To save this ungrateful man from an ignominious death, Mr. Harriott sacrifices a large portion of that property which he had laboriously and dangerously earned by the constant sweat of his brow, and at the frequent peril of his life. He quits business, and once again retires to his farm, with which he grows more and more delighted. Though one of the most quiet, this is one of the most interesting periods of Mr. Harriott's life, and it may safely be added, the most useful. We now see

him in the character of a country magistrate, performing its arduous functions with great activity, and what is more, with great humanity. In his own district we see him promoting various useful institutions, and agreeable associations of the neighbouring gentry. Among the former is to be mentioned a book society; and a weekly market, of which he planned the establishment in a place which at that time was twenty miles distant from any. Among the latter a subscription assembly for the winter season, and other convivial meetings.

Mr. Harriott's residence was on the banks of a navigable river, where he kept a little sailing boat for the amusement of fishing, &c. On these excursions he had frequently noticed a sunken island containing between two and three hundred acres of land, which was covered by the sea at half tide. It happened that when the owner of this island died, his estates were sold, and this among the rest. Mr. Harriott had conceived the possibility of wresting this island from the dominion of the sea. He accordingly purchased it at the auction for 40l and enjoying at the same time an adventurous and persevering spirit he strenuously set about an embankment. In this speculation he had to adventure the larger part of his entire property. The embankment was begun in July; in the December following, a wall of earth was raised more than two miles and a half in circumference, thirty feet thick at its base, declining at an angle of forty-five degrees, till it was six feet thick at top and eight feet high. The two ends of the wall were about 140 feet apart, separated by a deep ravine through which the tide ebbed and flowed with a current stronger than that under the great arch of London Bridge. The most hazardous part of the undertaking yet remained. The struggle must be strong against a powerful foe and decided in a few hours. Mr. Harriott had in vain persuaded his contractors to use timber in the work, although he offered to supply them with it gratuitously On Christmas day this ravine was to be filled up with a mound of earth. The exertions of manual labour were vast. The tide rose, but found its passage stopped. The mound kept rising; but at last, for want of timber—*mole ruit suâ!* its own weight broke it down. On the sixth spring tide all this great body of earth was swept away, scarcely a vestige of it was to be seen, and the difficulty of another attempt was much increased from the greater distance it was necessary to go for the earth. The contractors ran away, indebted 125l. to the men to whom they had under-let the work. But all these difficulties only stimulated a courageous spirit. The work was begun again under the direction of Mr. Harriott himself, who contracted with the men on the same terms as before, and as an encouragement to steady exertion promised them the 125l. as a bonus if they succeeded in shutting out the tide.

"The season of the year was much against me. I had to fell my timber in a wood thirteen miles from my island. I cut down trees, from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, making piles of them from twelve to twenty-four feet in length. With an engine, I drove them in two rows, fifteen feet apart, across the ravine, or deep outlet, and as close together in the rows as we could drive them. I secured them together by girders, or beams, across, within five feet of the bottom and three feet of the top, keyed and bolted on the outside. This was my coffre-dam to hold the earth in the centre of my mound, as a strong core, or heart to the whole.

"By the seventeenth of January, all was ready for another sharp contest with the sea, to determine, by force of arms, who should conquer and keep possession of the disputed property. I took the command myself. My troops were all stationed before day break, our enemy then retreating in order to advance again with greater force, (the neap tides being over and the spring tides commencing.)

"The morning was cold and frosty. A dram and three cheers was the signal for attack. Knowing the obstinate perseverance of my foe, and that our contest would be long and strong, I repressed the ardour of my troops a little at the onset. Every

half hour I suspended the attack; and, from several barrels of strong porter ammunition, which I had provided ready on the spot, and elevated on a small tower made of earth, I issued out half a pint to each man; and to such of them as had not provided better for themselves, my bread, butter, and cheese, were welcome. I served it all out myself, with a cheering kind of language suited to the people; by which, I verily believe what one of my officers, a master carpenter, for the time said, viz. "That I had more work done for a few barrels of porter, with a little management and address, than many men would have obtained for as many hundred pounds."

"The enemy advanced against us, and persevered in the attack for several hours; when, having proved the strength of our works and failed, he retreated. At the severest part of the struggle (high water) I advanced in front, with a waller's tool in one hand and a pot of porter in the other; when repeating the words that are related of king Canute, I said, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further:" adding, as he began to retire, that, although a conquered foe, I bore him no enmity. We then gave him three lusty cheers, drinking the king's health on such an accession to his majesty's agricultural dominions."

After this noble victory, for which Mr. Harriot most deservedly received the gold medal from the society for the encouragement of arts, &c. he built a farm house, &c. on his island, and began to cultivate the land. This, however, was injudiciously managed, and for the first six or seven years the expenses of farming this island were considerably greater than its profits.

After having been married ten years, Mr. Harriott had the misfortune to lose his second wife who died of a consumption, leaving him three children. Man, however, was not born for solitude, and having experienced much comfort in the married state, our hero determined to find another mother for his children and another wife for himself. The crops upon the island now began to repay the adventurous speculation of enclosing it, by an annual and rapid increase in their value. Every thing appeared prosperous. It was early in the spring of the year 1790 that in the dead of night Mr. Harriott was awakened by the alarm of fire. By great presence of mind, courage, and exertion he saved his wife and children from the flames; but his house, barn, out-houses, &c. were burnt to the ground, and but little of the furniture saved. When it was too late to render any service, people came flocking from the neighbouring town. "I looked around," said the philosopher, for he now deserves the name; "found my family safe; dropped a tear; and thanked God it was no worse." The only part of the premises saved, was an old brick wash-house at the bottom of a yard and part of the stable. The wash-house was now fitted up as a temporary residence; and it was determined to rebuild a cheap substantial dwelling-house as soon as possible. This was completed before the winter, and the crops on the island seemed to promise they would pay the expense. In the January following our calamity, says Mr. Harriott, I would not have sold these expected crops for less than 600l. But adversity rarely comes unattended with *a train* of misfortunes. Within eleven months after this destruction of a considerable part of his property by the flames, he was destined to see the remaining *all* of it swallowed up by the ocean.

"While standing with folded arms on the highest part of the embankment of my island, I looked down on the raging watery element swelling itself to a height that had never been known before, and over-topping my walls as if in search of what I had formerly wrested from its dominion, seeking to revenge itself by the destruction of that property the fire could not reach. I too assuredly saw I was a ruined man, but gave no way to despondency. Hard and unequal were my struggles against two such outrageous elements as seemed combined against me. Though beaten, I was not subdued. My spirit remained unshaken, and in those distressing moments, I resolved to endeavour at recovering the island for those to whom I was indebted, rather than abandon it, without a struggle, to the remorseless rage of the enemy."

About one-fourth of the embankment had settled down a foot. It was intended to have been raised eighteen inches during the preceding summer had not the expenses of building incurred by the fire made it necessary to defer it. This unfortunate delay occasioned the loss of the island. But the spirit of Mr. Harriott always rises against emergencies with proportionate resistance. It is this which stamps a value upon his book, and makes us forgive its want of refinement. A young man, setting out in life, may here see the advantages which a calm, courageous spirit enjoys over that pusillanimity and confusion which palsy the multitude when their efforts and exertion are most wanted. He may see also the homage which is paid to high honour and integrity.

Instead of desponding, Mr. Harriott, within a few days after the accident, had drained the water by extraordinary exertions four feet below the surface of the land: the tide had flowed over his walls, and by leaving the island full of water gave a fatal proof of their strength. To repair the mischief required a capital of which he was now bereft. He immediately called all his creditors of more than 20l. together, and stated the situation of his affairs, being resolved not to borrow a capital where there was no certainty of payment. "My creditors, instead of distressing, soothed me. They were entirely satisfied with my conduct, and voluntarily proposed to accept ten shillings in the pound." Not content with their own private contributions, they advertised and solicited for subscriptions. The peculiarity of Mr. Harriott's misfortunes attracted the publick attention, and *of course* excited its sympathy. Above 1000l. was subscribed for the relief of an unknown individual, when that individual nobly put a stop to the subscription of his own accord. There is something a thousand times more interesting, more affecting in this patient struggle against adversity, than in all the romantick perils which Mr. Harriott encountered.

From a sense of delicacy, which, if in itself false, yet commands respect, Mr. Harriott, immediately on the destruction of his property, had declined acting as a magistrate. It was a high testimony to the rectitude with which he performed its duties, that he was induced to resume them at the pressing solicitation of his neighbours, and of the lord lieutenant of the county.

The crops upon the island were totally destroyed; and although the land was again recovered from the sea, its vegetative powers were so injured by the salt water, that great time, labour, and expense, would yet be necessary to restore its fertility. His family was too large, and his means too small, to repeat the risk. Feeling it a duty to his children to exert himself to the utmost for their advantage, he now resolved, after much deliberation, to cross the Atlantick, and rear his family in America.

In May 1793 Mr. Harriot embarks with his family for Baltimore, charters two vessels for the sake of obtaining a passage to Rhode Island, where he hires a house for them, while he himself travels through the United States, and into the back settlements, for the purpose of purchasing a tract of land. The account of this long and laborious excursion occupies a considerable portion of the second volume. It will be found of use to those who project an emigration to America. Mr. Harriott has appreciated the American character with great fairness, and estimated deliberately the advantages and disadvantages of different situations. He was disappointed in the sanguine expectations he had formed of establishing his family to advantage; but is not on that account morose and abusive, like Mr. Janson, and some other travellers, whose names we could mention. He had purchased a small farm at Rhode Island; but finding, after all his wanderings, that his projected

scheme of farming on a large scale would not be advantageous, he once again returns to his native shores.

Being entirely unsettled again, and at a loss what to do, as wild and magnificent a project enters into his brain as ever speculator dreamed of.

"At the time I am speaking of, there were seventeen millions of acres of land to be sold in Georgia; and this in truth was my real grand object. I knew that no foreign government would be permitted to purchase: but a private unsuspected individual might, as a matter of speculation, buy all he was able to agree and pay for; through whose agency it might afterwards be managed. The settling and inhabiting those parts bordering on the river Mississippi, by the influence of any powerful maritime nation, might easily be effected. A rupture with Spain was then expected; who, either by treaty, might have been induced to give up the Floridas for an equivalent, or be compelled so to do. Supposing, then, that Great Britain was again possessed of Florida, as well as Canada, she would have had the two grand navigable inlets and outlets of communication for commerce, with a command of all the rich back territories of North America.

"Kentucky, and most of the western back countries, were then complaining and threatening to withdraw from the union, if the navigation of the Mississippi was not made free for them, and which it was in the power of the United States then to do. Any new settled country, increasing in population to 100,000, has a right to claim being free and independent, and this would not have been long under the influence of the government I had in contemplation.

"Imagination led me to consider my intended purchase as the link of the chain to join the Floridas with Kentucky, and all the rich tract of back country along the Ohio; and, as the western posts were not then given up, and doubts entertained whether they would or not, the connexion with Upper Canada would have been easily accomplished, and the United States insulated."

He immediately set off with his eldest son to the Bahamas, and there collected such preliminary information as rendered it unnecessary to proceed to Georgia. The price of the land was from three pence half-penny to five pence an acre; but there was some difficulty with respect to congress which claimed a right of controlling the sale of this tract, whilst Georgia disallowed it. Matters, however, went on very swimmingly, and our speculator proceeds to Philadelphia. Where he meant to apply for money to make good his purchase, or what authority he derived from this country for his proceedings we are not informed: suffice it to say that when he made application to ——— for the advance of money, it was refused; and he was awakened from a dream of ambition to the keenest disappointment.

The world again all before him, chance directed Mr. Harriott to a farm in Long Island. There was a good house on it, and it contained about 140 acres of good land. This estate he purchased for 2,800l ready money, and sent for his wife and family to come over to him. Here they resided for some years; but the impossibility of obtaining sufficient workmen, the expense of labour, the solitude, the difficulty of educating the children, and afterwards of forming connexions for them in business—these and various other circumstances, which are detailed here at length, and which we recommend to the perusal of any who project an emigration to America, induced Mr. Harriott to take a final farewell of this land of promise. He sold his estate for 600l. more than it cost him, and crossed the Atlantick for the fourteenth time.

Returned to England, his spirit of enterprise does not yet flag; but we have no room to detail the minor speculations which the teeming brain of our adventurer projected. One, however, yet remains to be mentioned, because it took effect, because it has acquired a permanency in practice, and because it has been and continues to be of the greatest service to the publick. They who have read Mr. Colquhoun's treatise on the police of the River Thames can alone form an idea of the daring and audacious

plunder which in open day was systematically committed on the shipping before its establishment. So well known was the ferocity of these river pirates that they who saw them in the very act of committing their depredations were afraid to divulge their knowledge. The impunity with which they plundered, induced others to join in the practice, till, with their numbers, the outrages increased to so great a height as to threaten with very serious consequences the commerce of the Port of London. The present Thames police originated entirely with Mr. Harriott. Impressed with the magnitude of the evil, he chalked out the plan of a River Police and applied to the Lord Mayor, the Duke of Portland and others in the year 1797 for the purpose of having it matured and carried into effect. The estimated expense of this institution, which was to protect the commercial interests of the country, was 14,000l. a year. The magnitude of the sum, trifling as it is in comparison with the benefits proposed and accomplished, might probably deter those who were consulted from encouraging the business. In the year 1798, however, Mr. Harriott was introduced to Mr. Colquhoun, who approved the project and approved the plan. Through his influence and activity, in conjunction with that of Mr. Harriott, the Thames police was in Midsummer 1798 organized and carried into complete execution under their united management. The extensive benefits soon became so conspicuous, that after two years trial of its efficacy, government passed an act making the institution permanent with an allowance of 8000l. a year for its support. This small allowance under good management has sufficed, if not totally to suppress, very much to diminish, smuggling on the river. The office was established in the very centre of the plunderers. From 1200 to 1400 half savage Irish coal-heavers resided in its neighbourhood.

"Previously to the establishment, these men had long been in the constant practice of each man taking his sack, containing two or three bushels of coals, whenever he went on shore from the ship he was unloading. Neither the captain nor owner of the ship or cargo durst resist their taking what they claimed as a perquisite: and most of these men, having followed it as a custom of their predecessors, thought they had a fair title to such coals. When found with a boat ready to sink with their plunder, and made to account before a magistrate how they came by it, they conceived themselves to be the injured party. *Custom* was their invariable plea (and so it was with every other description of working men on the river, when detected in the act of bringing on shore with them from forty pounds to two hundred weight of sugar, coffee, pepper, tea, or other articles) and in vain was it that Mr. Colquhoun and myself laboured hard to convince them of their errour; and, by reprimanding only at first and ordering the coals, &c. to be taken away, endeavoured to correct the evil."

When severer measures were resorted to, from the inefficiency of repeated admonition, relying on their strength of numbers, several hundred of them assembled before the office, and with horrid imprecations threatened vengeance if some individuals then under examination were not discharged. It will not be suspected of Mr. Harriott that he was intimidated into compliance. A riot ensued; the pavement was torn up; and repeated vollies of stones discharged into the room in which Mr. Harriott and Mr. Colquhoun and four or five more gentlemen were assembled. A pistol was discharged, which at the first shot killed one of the ringleaders. They retreated, procured fire arms, wounded one and killed another of the officers belonging to the institution. By firmness and courage, however, the mob was kept at bay till a party of volunteers came and dispersed them. One of the ringleaders was tried and condemned; others fled for a time, but afterwards returned. Mr. Harriott, however, and his very worthy colleague considering the purpose of publick justice to have been answered, declined proceeding against these men, and admonished them to make a grateful use of their forbearance. "I have often since received

much satisfaction," says Mr. Harriott, "in seeing some of those who might have suffered if tried, now maintaining themselves and families in comfort, and are among the most orderly."

We have now brought these eventful memoirs to a close. After the storms and struggles of an adventurous life, Mr. Harriott expresses in the concluding chapter his grateful satisfaction at having brought his vessel safe into port. "Though somewhat shattered and unfit for sailing far, under a roving commission, the timbers are yet sound and still capable of harbour duty." Two of his children are gone out to India, and three others of the remaining five are so far advanced in life that they must rely on their own exertions. Mr. Harriott has a competency of the good things of this world and is content. Very sincerely do we hope that he may long live to enjoy that honourable repose which he has so dearly earned.

It is incumbent on us to acknowledge that when we had read about a hundred pages of the first volume, we threw it down with something like disgust at the vulgarity of some stories introduced, and the appropriate vulgarity of the manner in which they are related. It was our duty to proceed, however, and we have been gradually and agreeably led into more serious matter related in more serious language. There is a chapter at the close of the first volume (chap. LXVII.) on a subject so odious that if ever this work comes to asecond edition, we strongly recommend it to be expunged. The secondvolume, we have already said, contains a mass of very useful information relative to America; some observations on our own settlements there, and on the Bahamas are also worth attending to.

In all his struggles, Mr. Harriott has behaved like an honest man, and like an honourable one. He was hard tutored in the school of adversity, but she has taught him to appreciate his present possessions. A lesson so valuable can scarcely be learned at too great an expense.

This work has been noticed in several of the British Journals, and in all of them very favourably. We shall, however, merely annex a few extracts from the Literary Panorama for January 1808.

THIS book is the composition of a man of strong natural good sense; of a brave heart, an active disposition, and undaunted perseverance. He seems to be endued with that rare faculty which distinguishes heroes,—a perfect self possession, in the midst of peril. He manfully grapples with labour, and subdues it; he boldly faces danger and overcomes it. His education, confessedly, was not the most refined; but his work is well put together; the style, if not highly polished, is commendable for its uniformity; and though the sentences be not curiously constructed, they convey the author's ideas in intelligible language. We give him credit for a strict regard to truth; and we doubt not but he describes men and things correctly. He thinks for himself and commonly decides well. He may perhaps be deemed, to a certain degree, an egotist; but, how can a man be otherwise, when writing his own life. He is now and then a little jocular; and a pleasant story agreeably relieves the narrative and diversifies the scene. His life has been checkered with abundant variety; he has visited each quarter of the globe, and appears as a sailor, a mercantile man, a soldier, an agriculturist; and even as executing the office of a judge advocate, and in the remote parts of India performing certain functions of a clergyman. At last we view him as one of the magistrates of the Thames Police, of which he was the original projector; and we heartily wish he may spend the evening of his days in honourable tranquillity,—with just that quantity of busi-

ness which may employ, without fatiguing him; for we are perfectly convinced that inaction would soon be fatal to him. We well know that he discharges the duties of his situation with great respectability; that his judgment is clear, and his heart incorruptible; that he is prompt to punish guilt, but happy to reform and to reclaim; and is always delighted in an opportunity of showing mercy, when it is compatible with distributive justice.

The chapter entitled "Earthquake off Lisbon," is very interesting. This was in the year 1755. By the way, we are much at a loss for *dates* throughout the book.

Earthquake off Lisbon.

Off Lisbon we had a foul wind, blowing hard all night and the next forenoon, when it suddenly dropped to a calm, leaving a heavy cross popling swell.

The people were all at dinner, when a general alarm spread quickly throughout the ship, above and below, occasioned by a violent tremulous motion of the ship, as if likely to shake to pieces. The guns and carriages actually rattled on the decks; and, in our more deliberate thoughts afterwards, we could compare the agitation of the ship to nothing but that of a vessel driven violently by a very strong current, or tide, over a hard gravelly bottom, which she raked all the way.

The consternation in every countenance was stronger than language can describe, for no one could divine the cause, though all expected immediate destruction. A rumbling noise accompanied the agitation, arising gradually but speedily from the bottom upwards. It lasted between two and three minutes, subsided, and left us as if nothing had happened.

The first thing ordered was to sound the well. All was right there. The next was to try for soundings; but none were found with more than two hundred fathoms. During this, the gunner was called on the quarter deck and examined as to the powder magazine, and when any one was last there. He declared that no person whatever had been there that day. The first lieutenant was ordered to go down with the gunner and examine all below, and I was ordered to attend them. We found every thing as it should be.

In the course of this search, the gunner, who was an old man, swore he knew what it was, and affirmed it to be an earthquake. This account, added to his being an Irishman, made us both laugh heartily at him, although our errand was not of a very laughable nature.

In making his report to the captain, the lieutenant told him what the gunner said of its being an earthquake, which created another laugh on deck. However, the old gunner was called aft, and directed to explain himself. He said he was on board a merchant ship, lying at anchor in the port, at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755; and, from the effect it had on that vessel, he concluded this to have proceeded from a similar cause. There was no denying the justice of this; yet not an officer on board could be persuaded it was probable; and, from arguing upon it, we deemed it impossible, from the immense body and weight of water, more than two hundred fathoms deep, that any thing afloat on the surface could be so violently and strangely affected by the concussion of the earth beneath.

I have noticed the consternation that so strongly and generally affected all on board during the shock; the rumbling noise excepted, all was still as death. But, the instant that orders were given by the captain to sound the well and let the top-sail halyards run, the difference between the British and foreign seamen on board was remarkably conspicuous. The former jumped about as alert as ever, seemingly rejoiced to be recovered from the panick; while the other poor miserable looking dogs of Italians, and other Roman Catholicks, we had shipped up the Mediterranean, were most of them on their knees and some flat on their faces, crossing themselves as true devotees. Many of them were known to have repeatedly committed murder and every species of villany; which sins, having purchased absolution from, they were hardened and wicked enough to boast of.

I remember one fellow in particular, who acknowledged the commission of seven murders, from all which he had been absolved by his priest. This very scoundrel, and others of the same stamp, as soon as they could open their mouths after the general panick ceased, roared out most lustily to Saint Anthony and other saints for help: nor could any thing induce them to move, until the boatswain, out of all patience with the most wicked reprobates we had on board, swore he had a saint would save and cure

them sooner than Saint Anthony or all the saints in their calendar; this was Saint Rattan, whose aid he and his mates invoked so heartily as to recover them all in a very short time; liberally and literally bestowing crosses for them to carry on their shoulders for some days.

We were far out of sight of land; and, when the wind sprung up again, some hours after we had been so alarmed, it was as foul as before. We therefore steered for the land, and, towards evening of the following day, met a Dutch dogger, the master of which informed us, that, early in the morning, he left the port of Lisbon, where the day before, they experienced a dreadful earthquake, that had done considerable mischief on shore. The particulars he had not heard, being anxious to get away with his vessel, as she was loaded, and the inhabitants too much alarmed to attend to any thing but their own immediate concerns.

On remarking the time when they felt the shock at Lisbon and we felt it at sea, our vain reasonings upon improbabilities and impossibilities were obliged to yield to our old gunner's experience of facts. Wonderful, indeed, must have been the concussion of the earth beneath the immense body of waters, to have caused so powerful an effect on our ship. It served us for much argument, the remainder of our voyage, whether what we experienced ought to be called an earthquake or waterquake; but we were not sufficient philosophers to decide the question.

On a subject so interesting to the philosopher and geologist, Mr. H. should have been much more particular. We should have been glad to have known his distance and direction from the rock of Lisbon *exactly:* with the *precise* rate at which this commotion travelled.

In chapter 26th, the scene India, a humourous story occurs.

Our time passed merrily at Masulipatam, being always invited to the chief's, with whom, if not engaged particularly elsewhere, it was a luxury to sit at a table where the lady governess did the honours of the house with so much vivacity.

A trifling incident that occurs to memory, which then produced a hearty laugh, may possibly create a smile now. The lady had prevailed on her husband to send home for an English footman to wait upon her, which, uncommon as it was and not allowed of, his interest had managed, and George made his appearance while I was there. It was a custom in India, at that time, as soon as dinner was removed, for some of the palanquin boes, or carriers, to bring in a large basin and ewer with water, with which they attended behind every chair; when, each person putting his hands at the back, one of the boes poured water on them from the ewer, while the basin was held underneath by others.

George, who had noticed this mode for a day or two, willing to show his attention by waiting himself upon his mistress, took the ewer from the Palanquin boe, and was continuing to pour the water on his mistress's hands, notwithstanding the lady had called out to him to desist, by speaking in Moors, and, as she thought, to the Moormen, saying, "Bus, bus, ge;" which signifies "Enough, enough, you." But George did not understand the Moorish tongue; and, being doubtful whether it was plain English, he continued pouring; but watching a repetition of what his mistress said. The lady likewise, being at that instant engaged in relating something laughable about men wearing whiskers was not very attentive to the water pouring; but, recollecting herself, she turned her face half round, saying, rather smartly, "Bus, bus, ge, I say." On which, poor George, thinking he could not mistake her meaning, very sheepishly put his chin close to her shoulder, whispering, that "he would, with a great deal of pleasure, if his master were not present." I believe no one heard what he said besides the good lady, and she thought it too good a joke to keep to herself; therefore as soon as she could refrain sufficiently from excess of laughter, she explained the whisper to the great entertainment of the whole company, poor George excepted, who was obliged to retreat.

The second volume is valuable also, for the descriptions it contains of America, and American manners. Mr. H's opinion on the comparative advantage of savage and civilized life, is entitled to peculiar attention; as showing that the same passions domineer over the human heart, in all stages and states of life. He affirms that, not only have the Anglo Americans, by their independence, exchanged real good with imaginary evils, for imaginary good with real evils, but that the Indian tribes are every way the worse for the progress of American power and population.

There are many shrewd observations in these volumes on men and manners, on the state of Affairs, and on measures taken, at home, especially those for defence; nor ought we to overlook the handsome behaviour of the Court of Directors of the East India Company to Mr. H. in granting situations to his two sons. Mr. H. gives us a copy of his parental instructions on parting with his children. We shall not hesitate in pronouncing some parts of it good; but it is extremely defective, in omitting those *religious* motives, which would well have become a *Christian* parent. The steadiness which such motives impart to the personal character, is more to be relied on for real enjoyment through life, than all other. Mr. H. has seen much of the world; has remarked many things useful to know; has served his country honourably, and has now furnished an amusing, interesting, and we doubt not, an ingenuous performance. We recommend it to all who are dissatisfied with Great Britain; and especially to those who are misled into the opinion of considering America as the land of promise. The Utopia of fancy, it may be; but surely, according to Mr. H. not of fact, for which, besides his own conviction, he produces the confessions of Dr. Priestley and Mr. Russell themselves.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. pp. 500. Edinburgh and London, 1808.——Philadelphia, republished, Hopkins and Earle, 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 219 and 259—price $2.

THERE is a kind of right of primogeniture among books, as well as among men; and it is difficult for an author, who has obtained great fame by a first publication, not to appear to fall off in a second; especially if his original success could be imputed in any degree, to the novelty of his plan of composition. The publick is always indulgent to untried talents; and is even apt to exaggerate a little the value of what it receives without any previous expectation. But, for this advance of kindness, it usually exacts a most usurious return in the end. When the poor author comes back, he is no longer received as a benefactor, but a debtor. In return for the credit it formerly gave him, the world now conceives that it has a just claim on him for excellence, and becomes impertinently scrupulous as to the quality of the coin in which it is to be paid.

The just amount of this claim plainly cannot be for more than the rate of excellence which he had reached in his former production; but, in estimating this rate, various errours are perpetually committed, which increase the difficulties of the task which is thus imposed on him. In the *first* place, the comparative amount of his past and present merits can only be ascertained by the uncertain standard of his reader's feelings; and these must always be less lively with regard to a second performance; which, with every other excellence of the first, must necessarily want the powerful recommendations of novelty and surprise, and, consequently, fall very far short of the effect produced by their strong cooperation. In the *second* place, it may be observed, in general, that wherever our impression of any work is favourable on the whole, its excellence is constantly exaggerated, in those vague and habitual recollections which form the basis of subsequent comparisons. We readily drop from our memory the dull and bad passages, and carry along with us the remembrance of those only which had afforded us delight. Thus, when we take the merit of any favourite poem as a standard of comparison for some later production of the same author, we never take its true average merit, which is the only fair standard, but the

merit of its most striking and memorable passages, which naturally stand forward in our recollection, and pass upon our hasty retrospect as just and characteristick specimens of the whole work; and this high and exaggerated standard we rigorously apply to the first, and perhaps the least interesting parts of the second performance. Finally, it deserves to be noticed, that where a first work, containing considerable blemishes, has been favourably received, the publick always expects this indulgence to be repaid by an improvement that ought not to be always expected. If a second performance appear, therefore, with the same faults, they will no longer meet with the same toleration. Murmurs will be heard about indolence, presumption, and abuse of good nature; while the criticks, and those who had gently hinted at the necessity of correction, will be more out of humour than the rest at this apparent neglect of their admonitions.

For these, and for other reasons, we are inclined to suspect, that the success of the work now before us will be less brilliant than that of the author's former publication, though we are ourselves of opinion, that its intrinsick merits are nearly, if not altogether, equal; and that, if it had had the fortune to be the elder born, it would have inherited as fair a portion of renown as has fallen to the lot of its predecessor. It is a good deal longer, indeed, and somewhat more ambitious; and it is rather clearer that it has greater faults, than that it has greater beauties; though, for our own parts, we are inclined to believe in both propositions. It has more tedious and flat passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore; but it has also greater richness and variety, both of character and incident; and if it has less sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more vehemence and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action and emotion. The place of the prologuizing minstrel is but ill supplied, indeed, by the epistolary dissertations which are prefixed to each book of the present poem; and the ballad pieces and mere episodes which it contains, have less finish and poetical beauty; but there is more airiness and spirit in the lighter delineations; and the story, if not more skilfully conducted, is at least better complicated, and extended through a wider field of adventure. The characteristicks of both, however, are evidently the same;—a broken narrative—a redundancy of minute description—bursts of unequal and energetick poetry—and a general tone of spirit and animation, unchecked by timidity or affectation, and unchastised by any great delicacy of taste, or elegance of fancy.

But though we think this last romance of Mr. Scott's about as good as the former, and allow that it affords great indications of poetical talent, we must remind our readers, that we never entertained much partiality for this sort of composition, and ventured on a former occasion to express our regret, that an author endowed with such talents should consume them in imitations of obsolete extravagance, and in the representation of manners and sentiments in which none of his readers can be supposed to take much interest, except the few who can judge of their exactness. To write a modern romance of chivalry, seems to be much such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey, or an English pagoda. For once, however, it may be excused as a pretty caprice of genius; but a second production of the same sort is entitled to less indulgence, and imposes a sort of duty to drive the author from so idle a task, by a fair exposition of the faults which are in a manner inseparable from its execution. To enable our readers to judge fairly of the present performance, we shall first present them with a brief abstract of the story; and then endeavour to point out what seems to be exceptionable, and what is praiseworthy, in the execution.

Lord Marmion, the fictitious hero of the poem, was an English knight of great rank, fortune, and prowess, in the reign of Henry VIII, and had some years before the opening of the narrative, seduced and carried off from her convent, Constance de Beverley, a professed nun of good family, whom he had afterwards retained about his person in the disguise of a page. At the end of three years, however, he falls in love with the fair face or the broad lands of Clara de Clare, a damsel of great merit, whose affections, however, were previously engaged to Ralph de Wilton, a valiant knight in her neighbourhood. Marmion can think of no better way of disposing of this rival, than to employ Constance to put a parcel of forged letters, importing treasonable practices, into his portfolio, and thereafter to arraign him of those offences before their jealous sovereign. The forged papers give credit to this accusation; and the matter is referred to the judgment of God by a single combat between the two parties. In this contest the treacherous Marmion is victorious; and the true De Wilton, who is supposed to die of his wounds, assumes the dress of a palmer, and wanders from shrine to shrine, brooding over his unmerited disgrace and his natural purposes of revenge. Constance, in the mean while, who had lent herself to this scheme for promoting the marriage of Marmion, only to make herself mistress of a secret which gave her power over his life, now resolves to gratify her own jealousy and envy by the destruction of the rival who had supplanted her in the heart of her seducer. She therefore engages a wicked monk in a plot to murder the lady Clare; but before she can carry it into execution she is delivered up by Marmion, now satiated with her beauty, and wearied out with her murmurs, to the spiritual superiours from whom she had fled, and by whom this new crime of projected murder is speedily detected. The lady Clare, in the mean time, full of sorrow for De Wilton and of horrour at his conqueror, had retired into the convent of Whitby, with the intention of taking the veil; and lord Marmion, bearing down remorse with pride and ambition, was proceeding on an embassy from his sovereign to the court of James IV, of Scotland, to inquire into the cause of the great levy of troops which that prince was making, and the destination of the vast army which he had assembled in the neighbourhood of his capital.

Such is the situation of matters at the commencement of the poem, which opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion and his train at the castle of Norham upon the Tweed, the last English post upon his road, where he takes up his quarters in a fine summer evening, in the year of our Lord 1513. The whole first canto is taken up with the description of his train, and his reception and entertainment in the castle; every minute particular of which, from the letting down the drawbridge and bringing in the venison pasties for supper, down to the presentation of the stirrup cup at parting in the morning, is recorded with the most anxious and scrupulous exactness. While at table, he asks his host to provide him a guide to the Scottish court; and after some consultation, a holy palmer is introduced for this purpose, who afterwards turns out to be his injured rival De Wilton, although so much disguised by his dress, beard, and misery, as not to be recognised by his oppressor. This is the only incident in the first canto that can be said to bear at all upon the business of the poem. It ends with the departure of the embassy on the following morning under the guidance of the mysterious palmer.

In the second Canto, we entirely drop Lord Marmion and his retinue, in order to attend to the voyage of Clara, and the fate of Constance. This poor lady had been detected in her plot against her rival in the monastery

of Holy Isle; and a chapter of the adjoining superiours had been summoned, to pass sentence on her for this crime, and for the breach of her monastick vows. The canto begins with a picture of the voyage of the abbess of Whitby, to assist at this tragical convocation. There is then a description of the Abbey at Holy Isle, and an abstract of the legends connected with the history of its saints, and with those of the rival foundation of Whitby. Then comes the condemnation of Constance, and her auxiliar monk. The judges assemble in a low, dark vault, paved with tombstones, and lighted with an iron chandelier, where two deep niches already appear in the massive walls, with stones and mortar laid, ready to immure the convicted delinquents. The monk howls and shrieks with unmanly and unheeded agonies of terrour; but Constance maintains a lofty and heroick resolution. She discloses the whole perfidy of Marmion, in his accusation of De Wilton, and his baseness to herself. She expresses little penitence for her own conspiracy against the blameless lady Clare; but after arraigning her judges of bigotted cruelty, and prophesying the speedy downfall of their power, she receives * sentence from the stern blind abbot of Lindisfarn, and is left to expiate her offences in the gloomy sepulchre to which she is committed.

In the third Canto, we return again to Lord Marmion and the Palmer, who guides him in silence across the Border, and to the village of Gifford, in East Lothian, where the train halts for the night at a country inn. Here the ghastly visage, and keen, steady eye of the Palmer disturbs the soul of Marmion, and awes the whole band into silence. Marmion tries to relieve this, by calling on one of his squires for a song; but is still further annoyed, when he pitches upon a favourite air of Constance, and sings about the vengeance that is reserved for those who are perfidious in love. The host then tells a long story of a rencontre which took place in the neighbourhood, between king Alexander the III, and a spirit in the shape of Edward the I. of England, in which the Scottish monarch discomfited his unearthly antagonist, and forced him to reveal the fortune that awaited him in the war in which he was engaged with the Danes. He concludes with saying, that any knight who will repair at midnight to the same spot, and blow his bugle of defiance, will still be encountered by an aerial representation of his greatest enemy; and, if victorious, may learn from him the destiny of his future life. Marmion is unable to sleep after hearing all these stories; and rising in the night, mounts his charger, and gallops to the appointed ground, where he is encountered by the figure of De Wilton, and unhorsed in the first shock. His foe, however, spares his life, and disappears; and the astonished champion returns sullenly to his train. The reader will probably guess, what is afterwards related at length, that this unexpected opponent was no other than the real De Wilton himself, who had heard Marmion ride out, and, suspecting his purpose, had put off his palmer's dress, and borrowing the arms and the steed of one of his sleeping attendants, had followed and answered his challenge.

The Fourth Canto pursues the march of Marmion to the Scotish court. In his way, he meets the chief herald, or Lyon King at Arms of Scotland, who had been despatched to attend him, and who conducts him to a castle

* We were a little surprised at the words of this sentence, 'Sinful sister, part in peace;" which sounds more like a merciful dismissal than a condemnation. On looking into the notes, we find Mr. Scott has adopted this *formula* from what we humbly conceive to be a *mistranslation* of the Latin *vade in pacem*, which does not signify, *part in peace*, but, "go *into* peace," or into eternal rest; a pretty intelligible *mittimus* to another world.

a few miles from Edinburgh, where he is to reside for a day or two, till the king is at leisure to receive him. Here the Lord Lyon tells a strange story, of a vision which had recently appeared to his sovereign at Linlithgow, warning him not to persist in his warlike resolutions; which Marmion repays, by recounting his night adventure at Gifford. At last they take the way to Edinburgh, and the Canto ends with a spirited description of the appearance of that city and the adjoining landscape, as it appears on gaining the summit of the hills that rise above it on the south, and of the great army that then lay encamped between the bottom of these hills and the walls.

The fifth Canto begins with a more exact and detailed description of the different bands and sorts of forces through which Marmion passed in his way to the city. In the evening he is conducted to the court, which, as well as the person of the Scottish monarch, is described with great spirit and vivacity. He is then told, that his sovereign's aggressions on the Border have been such as to leave little hope of accommodation; but that he is to take up his residence in Lord Angus's castle of Tantallon till the return of the herald who had been sent to complain of these injuries, and to denounce desperate hostility, if they were not instantly repaired. We now learn, too, that the Lady Abbess of Whitby, returning by sea with the Lady Clare, from the condemnation of poor Constance, had been captured by a Scottish privateer, and brought to Edinburgh, to await the disposal of the sovereign. These unfortunate persons are now put under the charge of Lord Marmion, and directed to remain with him at Tantallon, and to be conducted by him to their respective homes, upon his final return to England. The Abbess, who had received from the dying Constance the written proofs of the perfidy of Marmion and the innocence of De Wilton, is fearful that these documents may fall into the hands of that unprincipled warriour, and, in her distress, applies to the palmer, to whom she narrates the whole story, and puts the papers into his hands, that they may be presented to Cardinal Wolsey or the King, and Clara be delivered from the suit of so unworthy an admirer. The conference of these holy persons, which takes place in a gallery looking down on the street, is suddenly broken off by a strange apparition of figures like heralds and pursuivants, who glide through the air, and, taking their station at the market-cross, summon the Scottish king and most of his nobles, together with Marmion and De Wilton, to appear before the throne of their sovereign within forty days. The palmer protests and appeals against this citation. The train afterwards proceeds to Tantallon, the Abbess being dropped at a convent in the way; and Marmion growing impatient at the delay of the Scottish herald, and learning that James had advanced into Northumberland at the head of a great army, and that Lord Surrey had marched to oppose him, resolves to join the latter army without further delay, and to stay no longer in the castle of Lord Angus, whose demeanour he observed had recently become very cold and disrespectful.

In the beginning of the last Canto, which is by far the busiest, we learn, that De Wilton, who had obtained the proofs of his innocence from the Abbess, had told his story to Lord Angus, who had agreed to restore him to the rank of knighthood, and, for that purpose, had sought out a suit of old armour, with which he proposed to invest him, and send him forth armed to the English host. Over this armour, as it lay in the castle yard, to be watched by the knightly candidate, the Lady Clare first stumbles, and then moralizes; when, behold, De Wilton himself stands before her, and, in a few words, recounts his disastrous story, and clears his injured

fame. Clara assists in accoutring him as a knight; and forth he rides in the morning on an old steed of the earl's. Marmion, in the mean time, gets his band set in order, and presents himself to take leave of his host, who refuses to shake hands with him at parting, and some high words pass between them. However, he goes on, accompanied by Clara, in very bad humour; and, by the way, learns the particulars of the extraordinary conversion of the palmer into a knight, and calling to mind the whole particulars of his deportment, becomes satisfied that this mysterious personage is no other than his ancient and still dreaded rival. The sight of the two armies, however, soon drives all other thoughts from his mind. He leaves the Lady Clare on an eminence in the rear, and gallops to Lord Surrey, who instantly assigns him a station in the van, where he is received with shouts of joy and exultation. The battle is very finely described. It is represented as seen from the eminence where Clara was left; and the indistinctness of the picture, and the anxiety and uncertainty which results from that indistinctness, add prodigiously to the interest and grandeur of the representation. His two squires bear back Marmion mortally wounded, to the spot where Clara is waiting. In his last moments he learns the fate of Constance, and bursts out into an agony of rage and remorse, which is diverted, however, by the nearer roar of the battle; and he expires in a chivairous exclamation of encouragement to the English warriours. The poet now hurries to a conclusion; the disastrous issue of Flodden Field is shortly, but powerfully represented; and the reader is told, in a few words, of the restoration of De Wilton to his honours, and of his happy marriage with Clara, which closes the story.

Now, upon this narrative, we are led to observe, in the first place, that it forms a very scanty and narrow foundation for a poem of such length as is now before us. There is scarcely matter enough in the main story for a ballad of ordinary dimensions; and the present work is not so properly diversified with episodes and descriptions, as made up and composed of them. No long poem, however, can maintain its interest without a connected narrative. It should be a grand historical picture, in which all the personages are concerned in one great transaction, and not a mere gallery of detached groupes and portraits. When we accompany the poet in his career of adventure, it is not enough that he points out to us, as we go along, the beauties of the landscape, and the costume of the inhabitants. The people must do something after they are described; and they must do it in concert, or in opposition to each other; while the landscape, with its castles and woods and defiles, must serve merely as the scene of their exploits, and the field of their conspiracies and contentions. There is too little connected incident in Marmion, and a great deal too much gratuitous description.

In the second place, we object to the whole plan and conception of the fable, as turning mainly upon incidents unsuitable for poetical narrative, and brought out in the denouement in a very obscure, laborious, and imperfect manner. The events of an epic narrative should all be of a broad, clear, and palpable description; and the difficulties and embarrassments of the characters, of a nature to be easily comprehended and entered into by readers of all descriptions. Now, the leading incidents in this poem are of a very narrow and peculiar character, and are woven together into a petty intricacy and entanglement which puzzles the reader instead of interesting him, and fatigues instead of exciting his curiosity. The unaccountable conduct of Constance, in first ruining De Wilton in order to forward Marmion's suit with Clara, and then trying to poison

Clara, because Marmion's suit seemed likely to succeed with her—but, above all, the paltry device of the forged letters, and the sealed packet given up by Constance at her condemnation, and handed over by the Abbess to De Wilton and Lord Angus, are incidents not only unworthy of the dignity of poetry, but really incapable of being made subservient to its legitimate purposes. They are particularly unsuitable, too, to the age and character of the personages to whom they relate; and, instead of forming the instruments of knightly vengeance and redress, remind us of the machinery of a bad German novel, or of the disclosures which might be expected on the trial of a pettifogging attorney. The obscurity and intricacy which they communicate to the whole story, must be very painfully felt by every reader who tries to comprehend it; and is prodigiously increased by the very clumsy and inartificial manner in which the denouement is ultimately brought about by the author. Three several attempts are made by three several persons to beat into the head of the reader the evidence of De Wilton's innocence, and of Marmion's guilt; first, by Constance in her dying speech and confession; secondly, by the Abbess in her conference with De Wilton; and, lastly, by this injured innocent himself, on disclosing himself to Clara in the castle of Lord Angus. After all, the precise nature of the plot and the detection is very imperfectly explained, and, we will venture to say, is not fully understood by one half of those who have fairly read through every word of the quarto now before us. We would object, on the same grounds, to the whole scenery of Constance's condemnation. The subterranean chamber, with its low arches, massive walls, and silent monks with smoky torches,—its old chandelier in an iron chain,—the stern abbots and haughty prioresses, with their flowing black dresses, and book of statutes laid on an iron table, are all images borrowed from the novels of Mrs. Ratcliffe and her imitators. The publick, we believe, has now supped full of this sort of horrours; or, if any effect is still to be produced by their exhibition, it may certainly be produced at too cheap a rate, to be worthy the ambition of a poet of original imagination.

In the third place, we object to the extreme and monstrous improbability of almost all the incidents which go to the composition of this fable. We know very well, that poetry does not describe what is ordinary; but the marvellous, in which it is privileged to indulge, is the marvellous of performance, and not of accident. One extraordinary rencontre or opportune coincidence may be permitted, perhaps, to bring the parties together, and wind up matters for the catastrophe; but a writer who gets through the whole business of his poem, by a series of lucky hits and incalculable chances, certainly manages matters in a very economical way for his judgment and invention, and will probably be found to have consulted his own ease, rather than the delight of his readers. Now, the whole story of Marmion seems to us to turn upon a tissue of such incredible accidents. In the first place, it was totally beyond all calculation, that Marmion and De Wilton should meet, by pure chance, at Norham, on the only night which either of them could spend in that fortress. In the next place, it is almost totally incredible that the former should not recognise his ancient rival and antagonist, merely because he had assumed a palmer's habit, and lost a little flesh and colour in his travels. He appears unhooded, and walks and speaks before him; and, as near as we can guess, it could not be more than a year since they had entered the lists against each other. Constance, at her death, says she had lived but three years with Marmion; and, it was not till he was tired of her, that he aspired to Clara, or laid plots against De Wilton. It is equally inconceivable that De Wilton should

have taken upon himself the friendly office of a guide to his arch enemy, and discharge it quietly and faithfully, without seeking, or apparently thinking of any opportunity of disclosure or revenge. So far from meditating any thing of the sort, he makes two several efforts to leave him, when it appears that his services are no longer indispensable. If his accidental meeting, and continued association with Marmion be altogether unnatural, it must appear still more extraordinary, that he should afterwards meet with the Lady Clare, his adored mistress, and the Abbess of Whitby, who had in her pocket the written proofs of his innocence, in consequence of an occurrence equally accidental. These two ladies, the only two persons in the universe whom it was of any consequence to him to meet, are captured in their voyage from Holy Isle, and brought to Edinburgh, by the luckiest accident in the world, the very day that De Wilton and Marmion make their entry into it. Nay, the king, without knowing that they are at all of his acquaintance, happens to appoint them lodgings in the same staircase, and to make them travel under his escort! We pass the night combat at Gifford, in which Marmion knows his opponent by moonlight, though he never could guess at him in sunshine; and all the inconsistencies of his dilatory wooing of Lady Clare. Those, and all the prodigies and miracles of the story, we can excuse, as within the privilege of poetry; but, the lucky chances we have already specified, are rather too much for our patience. A poet, we think, should never let his heroes contract such great debts to fortune; especially when a little exertion of his own might make them independent of her bounty. De Wilton might have been made to seek and watch his adversary, from some moody feeling of patient revenge; and it certainly would not have been difficult to discover motives which might have induced both Clara and the Abbess to follow and relieve him, without dragging them into his presence by the clumsy hands of a cruiser from Dunbar.

In the *fourth* place, we think we have reason to complain of Mr. Scott for having made his figuring characters so entirely worthless, as to excite but little of our sympathy, and at the same time keeping his virtuous personages so completely in the back ground, that we are scarcely at all acquainted with them when the work is brought to a conclusion. Marmion is not only a villain, but a mean and sordid villain; and represented as such, without any visible motive, and at the evident expense of characteristick truth and consistency. His elopement with Constance, and his subsequent desertion of her, are knightly vices enough, we suppose; but then he would surely have been more interesting and natural, if he had deserted her for a brighter beauty, and not merely for a richer bride. This was very well for Mr. Thomas Inkle, the young merchant of London; but for the valiant, haughty and liberal Lord Marmion of Fontenaye and Lutterward, we do think it was quite unsuitable Thus, too, it was very chivalrous and orderly perhaps, for him to hate De Wilton, and to seek to supplant him in his lady's love; but, to slip a bundle of forged letters into his bureau, was cowardly as well as malignant. Now, Marmion is not represented as a coward, nor as at all afraid of De Wilton; on the contrary, and it is certainly the most absurd part of the story, he fights him fairly and valiantly after all, and overcomes him by mere force of arms, as he might have done at the beginning, without having recourse to devices so unsuitable to his general character and habits of acting. By the way, we have great doubts whether a *convicted* traitor, like De Wilton, whose guilt was established by written evidence under his own hand, was ever allowed to enter the lists, as a knight, against his accuser. At all events,

we are positive, that an accuser, who was as ready and willing to fight as Marmion, could never have condescended to forge in support of his accusation; and that the author has greatly diminished our interest in the story, as well as needlessly violated the truth of character, by loading his hero with the guilt of this most revolting and improbable proceeding. The crimes of Constance are multiplied in like manner to such a degree, as both to destroy our interest in her fate, and to violate all probability. Her elopement was enough to bring on her doom; and we should have felt more for it; if it had appeared a little more unmerited. She is utterly debased, when she becomes the instrument of Marmion's murderous perfidy, and the assassin of her unwilling rival.

De Wilton, again, is too much depressed throughout the poem. It is rather dangerous for a poet to choose a hero who has been beaten in fair battle. The readers of romance do not like an unsuccessful warriour; but to be beaten in a judicial combat, and to have his arms reversed and tied on the gallows, is an adventure which can only be expiated by signal prowess and exemplary revenge, achieved against great odds, in full view of the reader. The unfortunate De Wilton, however, carries this stain upon him from one end of the poem to the other. He wanders up and down, a dishonoured fugitive, in the disguise of a palmer, through the five first books; and though he is knighted and mounted again in the last, yet we see nothing of his performances; nor is the author merciful enough to afford him one opportunity of redeeming his credit by an exploit of gallantry or skill. For the poor lady Clare, she is a personage of still greater insipidity aud insignificance. The author seems to have formed her upon the principle of Mr. Pope's maxim, that women have no characters at all. We find her every where, where she has no business to be; neither saying nor doing any thing of the least consequence, but whimpering and sobbing over the matrimony in her prayer book, like a great miss from a boarding school; and all this is the more inexcusable, as she is altogether a supernumerary person in the play, who should atone for her intrusion by some brilliancy or novelty of deportment. Matters would have gone on just as well, although she had been left behind at Whitby till after the battle of Flodden; and she is daggled about in the train, first of the Abbess and then of Lord Marmion, for no purpose, that we can see, but to afford the author an opportunity for two or three pages of indifferent description.

Finally, we must object, both on critical and on national grounds, to the discrepancy between the title and the substance of the poem, and the neglect of Scottish feelings and Scottish character that is manifested throughout. Marmion is no more a tale of Flodden Field, than of Bosworth Field, or any other field in history. The story is quite independent of the national feuds of the sister kingdoms; and the battle of Flodden has no other connexion with it, than from being the conflict in which the hero loses his life. Flodden, however, is mentioned; and the preparations for Flodden, and the consequences of it, are repeatedly alluded to in the course of the composition. Yet we nowhere find any adequate expressions of those melancholy and patriotick sentiments which are still all over Scotland the accompaniment of those allusions and recollections. No picture is drawn of the national feelings before or after that fatal encounter; and the day that broke for ever the pride and the splendour of his country, is only commemorated by a Scottish poet as the period when an English warriour was beaten to the ground. There is scarcely one trait of true Scottish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem; and Mr. Scott's only

expression of admiration or love for the beautiful country to which he belongs, is put, if we rightly remember, into the mouth of one of his southern favourites. Independently of this, we think that too little pains is taken to distinguish the Scottish character and manners from the English, or to give expression to the general feeling of rivalry and mutual jealousy which at that time existed between the two countries.

If there be any truth in what we have now said, it is evident that the merit of this poem cannot consist in the story. And yet it has very great merit, and various kinds of merit, both in the picturesque representation of visible objects, in the delineation of manners and characters, and in the description of great and striking events. After having detained the reader so long with our own dull remarks, it will be refreshing to him to peruse a few specimens of Mr. Scott's more enlivening strains. The opening stanzas of the whole poem contain a good picture.

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriours on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.
St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering song." p. 23, 24.

The first presentment of the mysterious Palmer is also laudable.

"The summoned Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm branch in his hand,
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land.
When as the palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or looked more high and keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his peer had been.

But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye looked haggard wild." p. 49—51.

The voyage of the Lady Abbess and her nuns presents a picture in a very different style of colouring, but of at least equal merit.

" 'Twas sweet to see these holy maids,
Like birds escaped to green wood shades,
Their first flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too;
For all to them was strange and new,
And all the common sights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,
With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling surge grew pale,
And would for terrour pray;
Then shrieked, because the sea dog, nigh,
His round black head, and sparkling eye,
Reared o'er the foaming spray;
And one would still adjust her veil
Disordered by the summer gale,
Perchance lest some more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might spy;
Perchance, because such action graced
Her fair-turned arm and slender waist.
Light was each simple bosom there," &c. p. 78, 79.

" And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls successive rise,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth soon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton Delaval;
They saw the Blythe and Wansbeck floods,
Rush to the sea through sounding woods;
They past the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant son;
At Coquet's-isle their beads they tell,
To the good Saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they cross themselves, to hear
The whitening breakers sound so near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar,
On Dunstanborough's caverned shore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's castle, huge and square,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the swelling ocean frown;
Then from the coast they bore away,
And reached the Holy Island's bay." p. 84—86.

The picture of Constance before her judges, though more laboured, is not, to our taste, so pleasing; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular.

" When thus her face was given to view,
(Although so pallid was her hue,
It did a ghastly contrast bear,
To those bright ringlets glistering fair)
Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;

And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head,
And of her bosom, warranted,
That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So still she was, so pale, so fair." p. 100.

" Twice she essayed, and twice, in vain:
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs slip
From her convulsed and quivering lip,
'Twixt each attempt all was so still,
You seemed to hear a distant rill;—
'Twas ocean's swells and falls;
For though this vault of sin and fear
Was to the sounding surge so near,
A tempest there you scarce could hear;
So massive were the walls.
At length, an effort sent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawned upon her cheek,
A hectick and a fluttered streak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By autumn's stormy sky;
And when her silence broke at length,
Still as she spoke she gathered strength,
And arm'd herself to bear.
It was a fearful sight to see
Such high resolve and constancy,
In form so soft and fair." p. 104, 105.

The sound of the knell that was rung for the parting soul of this victim of seduction, is described with great force and solemnity.

" Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung;
To Warckworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told,
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind;
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound so dull and stern." p. 112, 113.

The following introduction to the squire's song is sweet and tender.

" A deep and mellow voice he had,
The air he chose was wild and sad;
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,
Rise from the busy harvest band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripened ear.
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus swells the song:
Oft have I listened and stood still,
As it came softened up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men
Who languished for their native glen;
And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,

Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again!" p. 140, 141.

The view of the camp and city from the top of Blackford Hill, is very striking; but we cannot make room for the whole of it.

" Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tinkling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vassal rank
And charger's shrilling neigh;
And see the shifting line's advance,
While frequent flashed, from shield and lance,
The sun's reflected ray.
" Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare,
To embers now the brands decayed,
Where the night watch their fires had made,
They saw, slow rolling on the plain
Full many a baggage cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumsy car,
By sluggish oxen tugged to war." p. 215.
" Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud
Like that which streaks a thunder cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantick town!
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kissed,
It gleemed a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick-Law;
And broad between them rolled,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.
Fitz-Eustace's heart felt closely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The spur he to his charger lent,
And raised his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, " Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!" p. 218—220.

The picture of the court, and the person of the prince, is very spirited and lively.

" The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touched a softer string;

With long-eared cap and motley vest,
The licensed fool retailed his jest;
His magick tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true,—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.
Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The king to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverend, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
His broidered cap and plume.
For royal were his garb and mein,
His cloak of crimson velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;
His vest, of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Bearing the badge of Scotland's crown,
The Thistle brave, of old renown;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldrick bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen,
A prince of such a noble mien.
The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength, or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye,
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain!
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain." p. 251—254.

The description of Lady Heron, the favourite of this amorous monarch, and the very lively and characteristick ballad she sings, afford so pleasing a proof of Mr. Scott's talents for lighter composition, that we insert the whole of it, at the risk of extending this article to a length which our severer readers may think insufferable.

'Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touched, and turned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view;

For, all for heat, was laid aside
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitched her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the king,
And then around the silent ring;
And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by yea, and nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play!
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively, air she rung
While thus the wily lady sung.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad sword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine:
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung!
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

The monarch o'er the siren hung,
And beat the measure as she sung;
And, pressing closer, and more near,
He whispered praises in her ear.
In loud applause the courtiers vied;
And ladies winked, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where seemed to reign
The pride that claims applauses due,
And of her royal conquest, too,
A real or a feigned disdain." p. 257—261.

The description of the battle, and of the death of Marmion, in the sixth Canto, are, in our opinion, by far the finest passages in the poem. But before closing our extracts with a part of that admirable description, we must treat our readers with the following fine sketch of an ancient Scottish baron, Douglas Earl of Angus, in his old age.

" His giant form, like ruined tower,
Though fallen its muscles' brawny vaunt,
Huge boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seemed o'er the gaudy scene to lower;
His locks and beard in silver grew;
His eyebrows kept their sable hue." p. 263, 264.

" O'er his huge form, and visage pale,
He wore a cap and shirt of mail,
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand,
Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.
He seemed, as from the tombs around
Rising at judgment day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his looks so grim." p. 333.

We shall begin our extracts from the Flodden scenes, with the following moving picture of the passage of the English host through the deep vale of the Till, and of the fatal inactivity of the Scottish army.

" High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop is disappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And bending o'er the Gothick arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march
To gain th' opposing hill.

" And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?

What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
  Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
  His host Lord Surrey lead?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand!—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
  Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock bourne!"— p. 345-7.

The battle itself, as we have already intimated, is described as it appeared to the two squires of Lord Marmion, who were left on an eminence in the rear, as the guard of Lady Clare: and certainly, of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr. Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation, for breadth of drawing, and magnificence of effect, with this of Mr. Scott's. The Scottish army set fire to its camp on the brow of the hill, and rushed down to the attack, under cover of the smoke of the conflagration.

"Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
  As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
  At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
  King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
  And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
  And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears,;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
  Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,

And Edmond Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied:
'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes." p. 354—357.

The two squires now successively desert their fair charge to fly to the relief of their lord; and Clara is left alone on the hill a prey to terrour and anxiety.

" With that, straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood, and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion? . . .
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said, " By Saint George, he's gone!"
That spear-wound has our master sped;
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."—
" Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; " peace!"—

" When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around gan Marmion wildly stare:—
Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—" Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly.
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring;
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:

Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down;—my life is reft;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"—
O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water clear, as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
"*Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.*
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybel. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well."
She filled the helm, and back she hied, &c." p. 359—363.

"'Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"—
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Isle."—
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents from his wounded side,
"Then it was truth!" he said: "I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!——this dizzy trance!—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!—
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."— p. 364, 365.

Clara and a charitable priest now try in vain to sooth his last remorseless agonies: he hears a lady's voice singing reproachful stanzas in his ear, and is deaf to the consolations or hopes of religion. All at once

" The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted " Victory!—
" Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!". . . .
Were the last words of Marmion." p. 366.

The lady is now hurried away by the priest; and the close of the day is thus described, with undiminished vigour and spirit.

" But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in vollies hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men deal the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field; as snow,
When streams are swoln, and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail." p. 368—370.

The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. It is superiour, in our apprehension,

to all that this author has hitherto produced; and, with a few faults of diction, equal to any thing that has *ever* been written upon similar subjects. Though we have extended our extracts to a very unusual length, in order to do justice to these fine conceptions, we have been obliged to leave out a great deal, which serves, in the original, to give beauty and effect to what we have actually cited. From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden Field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing, and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious; and neither stops to describe dresses and ceremonies, nor to commemorate the harsh names of feudal barons from the Border. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any epic bard that we can at present remember.

From the contemplation of such distinguished excellence, it is painful to be obliged to turn to the defects and deformities which occur in the same composition. But this, though a less pleasing, is a still more indispensable part of our duty; and one, from the resolute discharge of which, much more beneficial consequences may be expected. In the work which contains the fine passages we have just quoted, and many of nearly equal beauty, there is such a proportion of tedious, hasty, and injudicious composition, as makes it questionable with us, whether it is entitled to go down to posterity, as a work of classical merit, or whether the author will retain, with another generation, that high reputation which his genius certainly might make coeval with the language. These are the authors, after all, whose faults it is of most consequence to point out; and criticism performs her best and boldest office, not when she tramples down the weed, or tears up the bramble—but when she strips the strangling ivy from the oak, or cuts out the canker from the rose. The faults of the fable we have already noticed at sufficient length. Those of the execution we shall now endeavour to enumerate with greater brevity.

And, in the *first* place, we must beg leave to protest, in the name of a very numerous class of readers, against the insufferable number, and length, and minuteness of those descriptions of ancient dresses and manners, and buildings, and ceremonies, and local superstitions, with which the whole poem is overrun, which render so many notes necessary, and are, after all, but imperfectly understood by those to whom chivalrous antiquity has not hitherto been an object of peculiar attention. We object to these, and to all such details, because they are, for the most part, without dignity or interest in themselves; because, in a modern author, they are evidently unnatural; and because they must always be strange, and, in a good degree, obscure and unintelligible to ordinary readers.

When a great personage is to be introduced, it is right, perhaps, to give the reader some notion of his external appearance; and when a memorable event is to be narrated, it is natural to help the imagination by some picturesque representation of the scenes with which it is connected. Yet, even upon such occasions, it can seldom be advisable to present the reader with a full inventory of the hero's dress, from his shoebuckle to the plume in his cap, or to enumerate all the drawbridges, portcullisses, and diamond cut stones in the castle. Mr. Scott, however, not only draws out almost all his pictures in these full dimensions, but frequently introduces those pieces of Flemish or Chinese painting to represent persons who are of no consequence, or places and events which are of no importance to the story. It would be endless to go through the poem for examples of this excess of

minute description; we shall merely glance at the first canto as a specimen. We pass the long description of Lord Marmion himself, with his mail of Milan steel; the blue ribands on his horse's mane; and his blue velvet housings. We pass also the two gallant squires who ride behind him. But our patience is really exhausted, when we are forced to attend to the black stockings and blue jerkins of the inferiour persons in the train, and to the whole process of turning out the guard with advanced arms on entering the castle.

" Four men-at-arms came *at their backs*,
With halberd, bill, and battle-axe:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong;
And led his sumpter mules along,
And ambling palfrey, *when at need*
Him listed ease his battle-steed.
The last, and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazoned fable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcon's broider'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musket, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the castle yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his *linstock yare*,
For welcome-shot prepared—

The guards their morrice pikes advance
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the Donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hailed Lord Marmion,
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down." p. 29—32.

Sir Hugh the Heron then orders supper—

" Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,
Bring pasties of the doe."

—And after the repast is concluded, they have some mulled wine, and drink good night very ceremoniously.

" Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest,
The Captain pledged his noble guest,
The cup went round among the rest."

In the morning, again, we are informed that they had prayers, and that knight and squire

———" broke their fast
On rich substantial repast."
" Then came the stirrup-cup in course," &c. &c.

And thus a whole canto is filled up with the account of a visit and a supper, which led to no consequences whatever, and are not attended with any circumstances which must not have occurred at every visit and supper among persons of the same rank at that period. Now, we are really at a loss to know, why the mere circumstance of a moderate antiquity should be supposed so far to ennoble those details, as to entitle them to a place in poetry, which certainly never could be claimed for a description of more modern adventures. Nobody, we believe, would be bold enough to introduce into a serious poem a description of the hussar boots and gold epaulets of a commander in chief, and much less to particularize the liveries and canes of his servants, or the order and array of a grand dinner, given even to the cabinet ministers. Yet these things are, in their own nature, fully as picturesque, and as interesting, as the ribands at the mane of Lord Marmion's horse, or his supper and breakfast at the castle of Norham. We are glad, indeed, to find these little details in *old* books, whether in prose or verse; because they are there authentick and valuable documents of the usages and modes of life of our ancestors; and we are thankful when we light upon this sort of information in an ancient romance, which commonly contains matter much more tedious. Even there, however, we smile at the simplicity which could mistake such naked enumerations for poetical description; and reckon them as nearly on a level, in point of taste, with the theological disputations that are sometimes introduced in the same meritorious compositions. In a *modern* romance, however, these details being no longer authentick, are of no value in point of information; and as the author has no claim to indulgence on the ground of simplicity, the smile which his predecessors excited is in some danger of being turned into a yawn. If he wishes sincerely to follow their example, he should describe the manners of his own time, and not of theirs. They painted from observation, and not from study; and the familiarity and *naïveté* of their delineations, transcribed with a slovenly and hasty hand from what they saw daily before them, is as remote as possible from the elaborate pictures extracted by a modern imitator from black-letter books, and coloured, not from the life, but from learned theories, or at best from mouldy, monkish illuminations, and mutilated fragments of painted glass.

But the times of chivalry, it may be said, were more picturesque than the present times. They are better adapted to poetry; and every thing that is associated with them has a certain hold on the imagination, and partakes of the interest of the period. We do not mean utterly to deny this; nor can we stop, at present, to assign exact limits to our assent: but this we will venture to observe, in general, that if it be true that the interest which we take in the contemplation of the chivalrous era, arises from the dangers and virtues by which it was distinguished, from the constant hazards in which its warriours passed their days, and the mild and generous valour with which they met those hazards, joined to the singular contrast which it presented between the ceremonious polish and gallantry of the nobles, and the brutish ignorance of the body of the people;—if these are, as we conceive they are, the sources of the charm which still operates in behalf of the days of knightly adventure, then it should follow, that nothing should interest us, by association with that age, but what serves naturally to bring before us those hazards and that valour, and gallantry, and aristocratical superiority. Any description, or any imitation of the exploits in which those qualities were signalized, will do this most effectually. Battles, tournaments, penances, deliverance of damsels, instalments

of knights, &c.—and, intermixed with these, we must admit some description of arms, armorial bearings, castles, battlements, and chapels: but the least and lowest of the whole certainly is the description of servants' liveries, and of the peaceful operations of eating, drinking, and ordinary salutation. These have no sensible connexion with the qualities or peculiarities which have conferred certain poetical privileges on the manners of chivalry. They do not enter either necessarily or naturally into our conception of what is interesting in those manners; and, though protected, by their strangeness, from the ridicule which would infallibly attach to their modern equivalents, are substantially as unpoetick, and as little entitled to indulgence from impartial criticism.

We would extend this censure to a larger proportion of the work before us than we now choose to mention—certainly to all the stupid monkish legends about St. Hilda and St. Cuthbert, to the ludicrous description of Lord Gifford's habiliments of divination; and to all the various scraps and fragments of antiquarian history and baronial biography, which are scattered profusely through the whole narrative. These we conceive to be put in purely for the sake of displaying the erudition of the author; and poetry which has no other recommendation but that the substance of it has been gleaned from rare or obscure books, has, in our estimation, the least of all possible recommendations. Mr. Scott's great talents, and the novelty of the style in which his romances are written, have made even these defects acceptable to a considerable part of his readers. His genius, seconded by the omnipotence of fashion, has brought chivalry again into temporary favour; but he ought to know, that this is a taste too evidently unnatural to be long prevalent in the modern world. Fine ladies and gentlemen now talk, indeed, of donjons, keeps, tabards, scutcheons, tressures, caps of maintenance, portcullisses, wimples, and we know not what besides; just as they did in the days of Dr. Darwin's popularity, of gnomes, sylphs, oxygen, gossamer, polygynia, and polyandria. That fashion, however, passed rapidly away; and if it be now evident to all the world, that Dr. Darwin obstructed the extension of his fame, and hastened the extinction of his brilliant reputation, by the pedantry and ostentatious learning of his poems, Mr. Scott should take care that a different sort of pedantry does not produce the same effects. The world will never be long pleased with what it does not readily understand; and the poetry which is destined for immortality, should treat only of feelings and events which can be conceived and entered into by readers of all descriptions.

There are many blemishes, both of taste and of diction, which we had marked for reprehension, but now think it unnecessary to specify; and which, with some of those we have mentioned, we are willing to ascribe to the haste in which much of the poem seems evidently to have been composed. Mr. Scott knows too well what is due to the publick, to make any boast of the rapidity with which his works are written; but the dates and the extent of his successive publications show sufficiently how short a time could be devoted to each; and explain, though they do not apologize for, the many imperfections with which they have been suffered to appear. He who writes for immortality should not be sparing of time; and if it be true, that in every thing which has a principle of life, the period of gestation and growth bears some proportion to that of the whole future existence, the author now before us should tremble when he looks back on the miracles of his own facility.

We have dwelt longer on the beauties and defects of this poem, than, we are afraid, will be agreeable either to the partial or the indifferent; not only because we look upon it as a misapplication, in some degree, of very extraordinary talents, but because we cannot help considering it as the foundation of a new school, which may hereafter occasion no little annoyance both to us and to the publick. Mr. Scott has hitherto filled the whole stage himself; and the very splendour of his success has probably operated, as yet, rather to deter, than to encourage, the herd of rivals and imitators: but if, by the help of the good parts of his poem, he succeeds in suborning the verdict of the publick in favour of the bad parts also, and establishes an indiscriminate taste for chivalrous legends and romances in irregular rhyme, he may depend upon having as many copyists as Mrs. Radcliffe or Schiller, and upon becoming the founder of a new schism in the catholick poetical church, for which, in spite of all our exertions, there will probably be no cure, but in the extravagance of the last and lowest of its followers. It is for this reason that we conceive it to be our duty to make one strong effort to bring back the great apostle of the heresy to the wholesome creed of his instructors, and to stop the insurrection before it becomes desperate and senseless, by persuading the leader to return to his duty and allegiance. We admire Mr. Scott's genius as much as any of those who may be misled by its perversion; and, like the curate and the barber in Don Quixote, lament the day when a gentleman of such endowments was corrupted by the wicked tales of knight errantry and enchantment.

We have left ourselves no room to say any thing of the epistolary effusions which are prefixed to each of the cantos. They certainly are not among the happiest productions of Mr. Scott's muse. They want interest in the subjects, and finish in the execution. There is too much of them about the personal and private feelings and affairs of the author; and too much of the remainder about the most trite common places of politicks and poetry. There is a good deal of spirit, however, and a good deal of nature intermingled. There is a fine description of St. Mary's loch, in that prefixed to the second canto; and a very pleasing representation of the author's early tastes and prejudices, in that prefixed to the third. The last, which is about Christmas, is the worst.

The following is extracted from a review of the same poem, in the Literary Panorama.

The Marmion of Mr. Scott, is founded on border manners; but is particularly attached to events which preceded the battle of Flodden Field. By this historical *datum* Mr. S. has fixed a period of which the customs and practices are within our ken, and of which our historians have left us accounts. His hero, however, is the creature of his own conception, and so are most of his principal characters. He therefore has had full scope for his imagination, and his poem may be considered as deriving every advantage, from liberty of thought, sentiment, and action. Marmion is an English warriour, valiant, heroick, sagacious; but his sagacity is capable of degenerating into craft, and his valour is shaken by conscious guilt. His honour is stained by his having carried off a nun from her convent; who long follows him as his page, yet whom he abandons, through mercenary motives, and offers himself as a suitor to another lady whose lands attract his cupidity. This lady is preengaged; and Marmion, to wreak his vengeance on her knight, and accomplish his purposes, proclaims him a traitor to the king, succeeds in proving his treason by a *forged* let-

ter, artfully conveyed into a packet addressed to him; meets him in single combat; overpowers him; and by the laws of duel, claims the lady who was the prize of the combat, with the lands of his worsted adversary. Marmion is sent by king Henry of England to demand of the Scottish king James, the reason of his hostile preparations; but, when arrived on the borders, wanting a guide into Scotland, he is furnished with one, who proves to be his former antagonist, in the disguise of a palmer or visiter of holy places. In the course of the poem this knight-palmer overcomes Marmion, at midnight, in the character of an Elfin warriour. The forged letters are also intrusted him under his disguise; he is dubbed again, and performs wonders in the battle of Flodden. In that battle Marmion falls, and is brought a little way out of the conflict, to die at the feet of the lady whose hand he had solicited, from motives of convenience.

The episodes in the main action, are—the punishment of the nun whom Marmion had seduced, by her being immured, according to the sentence of her superiours; and to the laws provided for that transgression,—an intrigue of king James with the wife of an English governour, who is at his court, as a pledge for her husband,—and an unaccountable curiosity in Marmion to vanquish an Elfin knight, at midnight, in order to pry into future or distant events. *This* incident must not be examined too strictly, as to its probability; for we believe that few persons charged with a publick character from sovereign to sovereign, would quit the line of duty for the indulgence of this inquisitive disposition, founded on no higher authority than the chatter of a host, at an inn. The description of the herald sent by king James to meet Marmion, and that of the Scottish camp, previous to its moving southwards, may also be considered as episodes; and together with some excellent specimens of song writing, contribute to diversify the poem. The least pleasing parts, as they stand, are the Introductions prefixed to each canto. Each being half as long, nearly, as the canto itself, and consisting wholly of modern ideas, it has the effect of confusing the mind; it produces too forcible a revulsion, from what is ancient to what is modern; as the canto recalls the imagination from what is modern to what is ancient. We had occasion to mention this inadvertence when reporting on Mr. Sotheby's Saul; but Mr. Scott has far exceeded Mr. Sotheby in this inconvenience.

The poet has disposed of his characters with the most laudable attention to morals. Marmion perishes in fight: his paramour, Constance de Beverley, is immured, and dies miserably. King James, losing time and opportunity by dalliance, loses the battle, and his life. The Palmer Wilton, in recompense for the disgrace he had undeservedly incurred, regains his estates and honours, together with his troth-plight, Clara, who gives proofs of unchangeable constancy in her affection for him, notwithstanding she is, for a time, in the power of Marmion, his rival. The versification of this poem has been solicitously constructed. It is varied to relieve the ear, and is generally harmonious and forcible. The conduct of the story is regular; and in short, the author has felt throughout the whole, that he had a character to lose; and was determined that it should not be lost, for want of circumspection. If Marmion had been published *before* the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," it might, perhaps, have taken the place of that poem in the opinion of the publick. As it is, we apprehend that there may be readers who will discern in this poem more art than in the former; and will imagine that what it gains in dignity, it loses in ease. It is less sprightly, and less fanciful, but it is more heroick, and more stately.

We confess, that we regret the dreadful death of Constance, whose attachment merits a better return from Marmion, even while we acknowledge that her transgressions deserve adequate punishment. In quitting her convent she sinned against duty and decorum, against modesty and sanctity; but, it does not appear, whether her seclusion was forced or voluntary. We cannot help wishing that some of the darker shades of her guilt had been softened, and that a less terrible fate might have been allotted to her with justice.

A hero who is all perfection,

> A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,

will never be imagined or adopted by a poet of genius; but the disparagements of that character, which is to raise our sympathy, should be rather defects than crimes. That conduct, which demands the axe of the executioner, is too lightly punished by undistinguished sufferings; the common fate of all, or of many, is no just retribution for uncommon guilt. That criminals of the deepest die have exhibited striking marks of heroism, we allow; but that it would be judicious to select such a one for the hero of a dignified poem, we deny. We feel more resentment and indignation against *forgery* and the evils it induces, than compassion for the pravity by which it has been committed. Open enmity may become an honest and a respectable foe; but the dark arts of insidious malevolence, are shocking to upright minds. The balance of opinion ceases to vibrate, which vibration marks our tremulous sympathy, when guilt not incident to general nature, is thrown into the scale of a character, whatever be its merits. We, therefore, could have wished the English knight had exhibited failings not so abhorrent to virtue, and that his excellences had been counterbalanced by weakness rather than wickedness.

Mr. Scott professes,

> Not to rhyme to that dull elf,
> Who cannot image to himself,
> That all through Flodden's dismal night,
> Wilton was foremost in the fight;
> That when brave Surrey's steed was slain,
> 'Twas Wilton mounted him again;
> 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,
> Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood:
> Un-named by Hollinshed or Hall,
> He was the living soul of all—

Yet we cannot help thinking, that, as he was to be the prosperous character of the piece, Wilton might have met the eye more prominently; his previous history might have been more developed, and his *original* connexion with Clara, which, no doubt, had, according to rule, something extraordinary for its basis, might have increased our interest for him, and for her too. We know too little of his real history, to judge of his merits. We might have learned his character more fully from admissions of Marmion himself, or even from the Abbess, by a few additional stanzas, with scarcely any perceptible digression. To point out specks in a work of merit is invidious; yet, when a few strokes with the pen may amend them, it is due to justice. The speech of the host, in which he describes the appearance of the "wizard strange," is sufficiently learned for Mr. Scott himself, and therefore too learned for this character. His mention of "Pharaoh's *Magi*,"—his allusion to the wizard's zone,

> Of *virgin* parchment thin,
> Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,

Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine,

sounds to us rather above mine host's degree of knowledge. Also, if king James assisted in a dancing party with his spurs on

(White were his buskins; on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel)

we remit him for his reprimand to the boor of Russia, Peter I. who boxed the ears of one of his courtiers in the royal ball room, before all the company, for a like offence against gallantry. Neither can we approve of connecting the late bombardment of Copenhagen with visions foreshowing the invasion of Scotland by Edward I. The interval is too vast, without one connecting link; and the idea it raises in the mind is *modern*—therefore exceptionable.

A royal city, tower, and spire,
Reddened the midnight sky with fire;
And shouting crews her navy bore
Triumphant to the victor shore.

FROM AIKIN'S ANNUAL REVIEW.

The Life of George Morland; with Remarks on his Works. By G. Dawe. 8vo. pp. 238.

THIS is the third life of Morland which has come before us. In our last volume we announced a pompous quarto by Mr. Blagdon, who made a miserable hodge-podge from magazines and newspapers. In the preceding volume (Vol. IV. p. 504.) we noticed at considerable length a biography of Morland, by Mr. Collins, who challenged our confidence, by asserting that he had been twenty years in habits of intimacy, not only with the artist himself, but with his family and connexions. If credit is due to Mr. Dawe, however, Collins must have been wilfully or ignorantly guilty of many misrepresentations; for several of the anecdotes he tells of Morland, are here flatly contradicted. Mr. Dawe's claim to credit is this: his father was articled to the father of Morland, became intimate with the son from his childhood, and kept up a familiar intercourse with him during the greater part of his life. Some letters from the artist testify to this intimacy. From his father principally, and from other friends of Morland, including his own brother, the present writer has collected his materials. He has made a very entertaining and instructive volume. We shall correct those errours into which Mr. Collins has led us, and subjoin a few anecdotes illustrative of poor Morland's character.

Morland was apprenticed to his father, who was a painter in crayons. George gave very early indications of genius. He used to draw objects on the floor, and when his father stooped to pick up the scissars or the crayons, the laugh was very fairly against him. These, and a thousand other monkey tricks, made George the favourite child. His father saw the germs of future excellence in his own favourite art; but he was probably alarmed at a vivacity of disposition which might prove incompatible with the necessary application to attain it; and adopted a mode of education which was very likely to disgust the boy with his profession, and which certainly hurried him into those excesses which overwhelmed him with disgrace and ruin. In endeavouring to preserve the morals of young Morland from contamination, a system of restriction and seclusion was adopted both by father and mother, so severe that he was never permitted to associate with other children, or to engage in their customary amusements.

He was kept in perfect solitude, and till the age of eighteen, was never permitted to spend an evening abroad, except at the house of Mr. P. Dawe, the father of our biographer. To this system of restraint his parents added deception. Instead of exciting in him an aversion to immorality, by inspiring him with the love of virtue, they endeavoured to reconcile him to confinement, and deter him from the vices of the town by exaggerated accounts, and bug-bear stories concerning its dangers. These tales could not long be implicitly believed. About his nineteenth year, he began to evade all restraint, and fell into those very errours, from which his parents had endeavoured to deter him by ill-judged means. Like a loose, high-mettled steed, he is now seen "fetching mad bounds." It is now that he gave play to all those passions which eventually impaired his intellects, and destroyed his constitution. So much for his *moral* education. As to his *professional*, that also he received from his father. Perhaps it may be thought that with so marked a genius, but little application or instruction would be required. But genius, as it is called, is not instinct. The well-bred pointer will stand, the very first time he snuffs the scent of game, and all that he is afterwards taught is subordinate to that quality, which he already possesses in perfection. But what native genius ever stamped perfection on an untutored artist?

"At the age of fourteen, he was articled to his father for seven years, during which his application was incessant. His days were devoted to painting, his summer evenings to reading, and those of winter to drawing by lamplight. It was during this happy period of uninterrupted study, as yet undisturbed by the passions and cares of life, that he gained nearly his whole knowledge, acquired correctness of eye, with obedience of hand, and those principles which laid the foundation of his future excellence. This, therefore, was not, as has been imagined, a natural endowment; nor is it necessary to recur to occult and inexplicable causes, in order to account for that ability which was the result of long and persevering application, united to a quick conception, a retentive memory, and activity of mind; assisted also by considerable means for study, and directed by a parent who had some knowledge of the art. From an over anxious regard to his morals, he was not permitted to study at the academy. He, nevertheless, once, about his twentieth year, unknown to his father, showed some of his drawings to the keeper, and obtained permission to draw as a candidate for becoming a student; yet, whatever some of his biographers have advanced to the contrary, he drew there only three nights; though he occasionally attended the lectures.

"He paid some attention to the anatomy of the human figure, and executed many drawings, both of the skeleton and muscles. He also drew from small casts of several antique statues. Some of these productions, including the only one he ever made at the academy, which was from the statue of Meleager, are in the possession of the writer of these memoirs.

"The anatomy of the horse he studied from the excellent work of Stubbs, whose prints he copied in Indian ink, and wrote the names of the bones and muscles on his drawings. He likewise made clay models from Gainsborough's horse, and other casts of a similar kind. What he knew of perspective was acquired from the Jesuit's treatise on that subject."

If one considers the total seclusion from society in which this youth was brought up, "no competitor to emulate, no companion to cheer him in the toilsome path of study," it will be acknowledged, that his love of the art he pursued was almost unquenchable. In the extract above given it is said that Morland never drew at the academy more than three nights. Mr. Collins, on the contrary, states that in very early life he became acquainted with some loose and vulgar students at the academy, and that these fellow students, in their way to and from Somerset House, enticed him to frequent a gin shop near Exeter-change. Mr. Collins also tells us, that Morland, while in his father's house, used to supply his extravagances by the sale of his paintings, which he used to lower from his window, in a

drawer suspended by a string to his companions in the street. This story, however, is wholly unfounded; for Morland had no companions.

So just was the eye of our young artist, and so remarkable the facility of execution, that he began his chalk drawings from plaster casts, without previous sketching and seldom had occasion to make alterations. During his residence with his father, he painted little from nature; but from a daily practice of copying the best masters, he acquired the power of imitating them. Mr. Dawe says he was so complete a master in the executive part of his art, that it might be called his native language, in which he could express whatever he conceived. That Morland, however, did not always rely upon the accuracy of his conceptions, is evident from several anecdotes which occur in this volume.

"When surrounded by companions, that would have entirely impeded the progress of other men, he might be said to be in an academy, in the midst of models. He would get one to stand for a hand, another for a head, an attitude, or a figure, according as their countenance or character suited; or to put on any dress he might want to copy; and the pictures which he painted about this time, contain the portraits of his companions, as well as of the children in the neighbourhood where he lived. Morland's wife and sisters were almost his only female models: hence arose his want of variety in this respect.

"When painting his juvenile subjects, he would invite the children of the neighbourhood to play about in his room, and made sketches of them whenever any interesting situations occurred; justly observing, that to take them thus, in their unconscious moments, is the best mode of studying their peculiar attitudes, and to catch a thousand various graces, of which it is impossible to conceive a perfect idea in any other way. Grown persons may be placed in appropriate postures; but with children this is not practicable. The writer has in his possession one of Morland's sketch books, containing several of these studies from children. They are touched with wonted spirit, and form a sort of middle style, between his laboured minuteness while with his father, and the looseness of his latter drawings.

"He copied as much as possible immediately from nature. When he painted the Cherry Girl, he had an ass and panniers into his parlour; and while employed on stable scenes, he often scattered straw about his room. If he wished to introduce a red cloak, or any other garment of that sort, he would place a person at the window to watch till some one passed that appeared likely to suit his purpose; on which he sent for the passenger to come in, while he made a sketch, and mixed his tints, and he seldom failed to reward the person thus called upon liberally. What he could not copy immediately from nature, was supplied by a retentive memory, and acute observation of the scenes in which he mingled."

Morland never let slip an opportunity which he could turn to his professional advantage. Just as he was about to begin his four pictures of the Deserter, a serjeant, drummer, and soldier, on their way to Dover in pursuit of deserters, came in for a billet. Morland seeing that these men would answer his purpose, treated them plentifully, while he was making inquiries on the different modes of recruiting, with every particular attendant on the trial of deserters by court-martial, and on their punishment. He then took them to his house, where he gave them plenty of ale, wine, and tobacco, and caroused with them all night, employing himself busily in sketching and noting down whatever was likely to serve his purpose.

The Dutch and Flemish artists were those from whom Morland principally copied whilst at his father's house. He was however, by no means neglectful of modern masters of the British school. Of Gainsborough's celebrated picture of Pigs, he took many copies, as well as of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Garrick between tragedy and comedy. He likewise copied Fuseli's Night-mare, and in later life made an excellent burlesque of it.

Whilst confined to the roof of his father, almost the only recreation which Morland enjoyed, was a Sunday walk with Mr. Philip Dawe. On these occasions he fully enjoyed his short-lived liberty. These were the

sweetest days of his life, and he often surveyed them in retrospect, says his biographer, with melancholy pleasure. Free from restraint, he was wild, and bounded like the roebuck. His appetites were easily satisfied; he was gay and independent, and withal so frugal, that a pennyworth of gin. erbread would suffice him a whole day, through a walk of twenty miles, during which few things escaped his observation, and nothing that he observed was forgotten. He never drew upon the spot; but so strong and accurate was his memory concerning objects which related to his art, that he would delineate them almost to identity, after an interval of some months.

Immediately after Morland became his own master, he launched into that vortex from which his parents had so sedulously endeavoured to withhold him. In his intercourse with the world, not immediately finding those dangers with which he had been threatened, he concluded they had no existence, and the more he could throw off his juvenile fears, the more he thought himself a man. Unrestrained by timidity or by virtue, he frequented the lowest haunts of vice at all hours of the night, and without any associate; fearlessly getting into scrapes, and dexterously getting out of them. He had at this time several advantageous proposals; but his aversion to all regular application made him reject them, observing on one of these occasions, that the slavery of one apprenticeship was quite sufficient for a man's life. Several of his mad frolicks are related in these memoirs, to which we must refer those who desire to read them.

Morland's first employer was an Irishman in Drury-lane, who kept him constantly at his easel, by being constantly at his elbow. His meals were carried up to him by the shop boy; and when his dinner was brought, which generally consisted of sixpennyworth of meat from a cook's shop, and a pint of beer, he would sometimes venture to ask if he might have a pennyworth of pudding. If he asked for five shillings, the Hibernian would reply, "d'ye think I'm made of money?" and gave him half a crown. Morland, however, painted pictures enough for this man to fill a room, and the price of admittance to it was half a crown.

From this state of bondage he was released by an invitation of Mrs. Hill, a lady of fortune then at Margate, to paint portraits there for the season. Morland stole away from his employer, went to Margate, and was introduced to the first connexions there. He fell in love with Mrs. Hill's maid, whom he was on the brink of marrying, and went to France with his patroness. In a very lively and characteristick letter written from St. Omers, he mentions the pressing invitations he has to stay and paint portraits; intimates his intention of going to Lisle; afterwards of *paying a visit to London*, and lastly, of returning to take up his residence in a country which had so many charms for him as France. Morland could not long exist, however, without his customary companions. He went no further than St. Omers, where he staid only a few days, and returned to spend the winter at Margate. At length he came back to London, without any fixed abode or employment. He was now rising so much in repute, however, that the prints engraved from his pictures had an unparalleled sale, both at home and abroad. In France so great was the demand for them, that they were frequently reengraved there, and he received advantageous proposals either to go thither and paint, or send over his pictures.

The two great cronies of Morland, after his marriage with Mr. Ward's sister, and when he resided at Camden Town, were a young man of genteel manners, named Irwin, and one Brooks, a shoe-maker, brought up in the lowest scenes of dissipation. Irwin often obtained him money on

account, from his brother, who was a man of fortune; and it became a frequent practice with Morland to procure money in advance for his pictures, which were then laid aside, as no principle of honesty could induce him to work for money which he had already spent. Morland would never offer his own works for sale, and would rather take a fourth of their value than submit to that necessity. Irwin used to sell his pictures for him, and receive a large share of the produce. Like several of Morland's companions, this young man sunk under his debaucheries. There was scarcely any kind of depravity with which Brooks was unacquainted. He used to assist Morland in escaping from his creditors; accompanied him in his country excursions; and was generally intrusted with the place of his retreat. Morland introduced most of his companions into his pictures. In that of the "Sportsman's Return," Brooks is represented leaning out of his stall. Morland's easel was always surrounded with his low-lived associates of horse-dealers, boxers, butchers, shoe-makers, &c. He had a wooden frame placed across his room, similar to that in a police office, with a bar that lifted up, allowing those to pass with whom he had business. In this manner he painted some of his best pictures, while his companions were carousing on gin and red herrings around him. He is said to have been eager of money: possibly; for duns and necessity follow close upon the heels of profusion. Two or three anecdotes, however, are recorded of his generosity. It is impossible, for any one to be more careless of money than Morland. He was in the constant habit of giving bills of credit; and when they became due, he rarely had the cash ready to discharge them; although in the zenith of fame and power, he would earn from seventy to a hundred guineas a week. In order to have a note of twenty pounds renewed for a fortnight he has been known to give a painting that has been immediately sold in his presence for ten guineas.

Serjeant Cockell had been very friendly to Morland, and offered his professional assistance, should he ever want it. The serjeant was in possession of one of his pictures which, by some accident, had been injured. It was with difficulty that Morland was prevailed on to go to his house and retouch it, nor would he go till he had stipulated with Mr. Wedd, that he should not be obliged to receive any money. Morland went, finished the picture, and Mr. Cockell presented him with a purse of guineas. This no persuasion could induce him to accept, but so much did he mistrust his resolution, that he whispered his friend Mr. Wedd not to leave him, lest in his absence he should be overcome by the temptation. There is something very honourable to Morland's feelings in this anecdote. Mr. Dawe, who has no partialities for the subject of his biography, puts an unworthy construction upon it, without the slightest probability or shadow of reason. Morland clearly felt himself to be unfit company for gentlemen. He could not submit to the decent restraints of civilized and polished society, and latterly seems to have felt quite abashed in the presence of a gentleman. Various kinds of wine and refreshments were placed for him upon the sideboard, which Morland would not taste while either serjeant Cockell or his lady was present; but whenever they happened to leave the room, he would ask his brother, who was with him, to make haste and give him some burgundy and cake. If ladies were present he could not utter a word, while his extreme confusion, and the awkwardness of his behaviour, were truly ludicrous. On the death of his father, Morland was advised to claim the dormant title of baronet, which had been conferred on one of his lineal ancestors by Charles II. finding, however, that there was no emolument attached to it, but on the contrary that much expense would

attend the process of assuming it, he relinquished the distinction, observing that plain George Morland would always sell his pictures, and there was more honour in being a fine painter than a titled gentleman; that he would have born the disgrace of a title, had there been any income to accompany it; but as matters stood, he swore he would wear none of the fooleries of his ancestors.

Morland cannot be said to have had any domestick *habits*, and his irregularities are sufficiently known. He took his meals whenever he was hungry—beef steaks and onions, with purl and gin for breakfast at 7 o'clock in the morning. He would dine at eleven or twelve, or three or four o'clock as it happened: cooked his own food, eat off a chair by the side of his easel, while in the same apartment were to be seen dogs of various kinds, pidgeons flying, and pigs running about. The person of Morland is thus described. "His forehead was high, with the frontal veins singularly apparent, when under the influence of passion or intense thought; his eyes were dark hazel, full, and somewhat piercing; his nose was rather aquiline, and his mouth intelligent, producing altogether a penetrating and expressive countenance. The portrait prefixed to this work is esteemed an excellent likeness at the time it was painted." He had some knowledge of musick, a good bass voice, an excellent ear, practised a little on the piano forte and hautboy, and could play in concert on the violin.

A few of the concluding pages of this work are devoted to a critique on the works of Morland. The judgment here pronounced by a brother artist, is a severe one. Professional men are the best qualified to appreciate its justness. When young, Morland paid some attention to the anatomy of the human figure, and executed many drawings, both of the skeleton and muscles; he also drew from small casts of several antique statues. In copying the Dutch and Flemish masters, his earliest productions were hard, formal, and laboured. He nevertheless was not inattentive to the higher principles of composition, colouring and chiaroscuro; and he determined when very young, to throw off that style of high finishing and minute imitation, in which his father so sedulously instructed him. When asked whether he did not think the correct manner of his early studies extremely improving, he would laughingly reply, "what, making leaves like silver pennies?" In correcting this fault, he ran into the opposite extreme. He found what effect might be produced by a few strokes of the brush; and the adoption of a more careless manner at once suited his taste and indulged his indolence. He was fearful of becoming a mannerist. With other artists he never held any intercourse, nor had he prints of any kind in his possession, and he has often declared that he would not go across the way to see the finest assemblage of paintings that ever was exhibited. He was once induced, however, to make a journey with Mr. Ward, on purpose to view lord Bute's collection; but having sauntered through one of the rooms, he refused to see any more, declaring that he was averse to contemplate any man's works, lest he should become an imitator.

After making some general remarks on the works of Morland, Mr. Dawe has given us some curious particulars as to his mode of painting. Despatch was his principal object. He never made a complete sketch for the plan of his pictures, and if he made any at all, it was the slightest possible. He introduced the objects as he procured the models, and as they first happened to be placed, without any previous plan for their arrangement.

"He generally began upon the canvass with the chalk or brush at once, sometimes even without knowing what he was going to paint, inventing as he proceeded; and he would paint a picture in the time that many would spend in seeking for a subject. Having sketched his composition in a loose manner, if any thing displeased him he altered it, and began immediately to paint. Toward the close of the day, when he could no longer see to finish, he would frequently plan or even lay in two or three small subjects. A large painting he would dead colour in a few hours; but from not making sketches for his pictures, they themselves were often nothing more than sketches.

"It is a great reproach to a painter for an observer to be able to foretell what kind of picture he will produce from a given subject. Though Morland was not exempt from this defect, it was often impossible for even those who saw the beginning of his pictures to predict what they would be when finished; because in the course of the work, he altered repeatedly, and was eager to avail himself of whatever accident might suggest.

"When he found his knowledge deficient he had recourse to nature, and never gave himself any trouble which he could avoid. If perplexed about the legs of a horse, he would copy them from life, but would draw the legs only. As he never copied more than was absolutely necessary, he seldom drew enough, and his animals are often incorrect and ill put together; for never having pursued any regular course of study, after he left his father, he was unable to draw from principle. Hence arose that inequality observable in his pictures, in which we sometimes meet with parts that are transcripts of nature, tacked to others that would disgrace a novice in the art, notwithstanding the skill he possessed in adapting those which he drew.

"He was extremely dexterous in avoiding fore-shortening, and similar difficulties, and when they were unavoidnble, in hiding them by shade, or other expedients. If he felt himself embarrassed in drawing a figure, he would throw over it a carter's frock, and as often as he could he concealed the extremities. The landscape of his back grounds he also drew from nature, and the trees and ponds can still be pointed out, in the fields about Camden Town which he introduced in the pictures he executed while he resided there. When he painted his picture of Bird-nesting he went to Caen Wood, and made a drawing of the trees, and the rest of the landscape.

"Latterly, to save trouble, he in general contented himself with making only a hasty sketch, and mixing his tints from nature, after which he painted much from memory. This method, owing to the way in which it was conducted, led to that slight and slovenly style which disgraced too many of his performances. Instead of drawing his forms correctly, and copying all the breaks, ond other incidental varieties from nature, he drew every thing in a loose manner, and depended on accidents of the brush to vary the surface and contour."

Morland had the discernment to perceive, that it is not labour but touch, that gives the appearance of finish. But instead of laying a foundation by correctness of drawing, his biogragher says that he substituted touch for truth, and in his latter works, made his execution stand for every thing else. It was one of his principles that a portion of pure red should be introduced somewhere in a picture. Accordingly, we never see a landscape of his without a red coat, cloak, or cap, accompanied with a blue jacket or petticoat; he also remarked, that there should be a touch of vermillion in the lips, though they should not be painted entirely with it.

"His gipsies are admirable, since in them vulgarity of character is appropriate.

"He often associated with them, and accompanied by Brooks, has lived with them for several days together, adopting their mode of life, and sleeping with them in barns at night. He excels likewise in bailiffs, butchers, ostlers, post-boys, rusticks, and, in short, in all those classes of society where we look for any thing rather than refinement.

"In conversation pieces, and other tranquil scenes, the attitudes of his figures are well conceived. It is the state that succeeds exertion in which Morland excels; such as the Labourer's Luncheon, the Return from Market, the Weary Travellers, the Tired Cart Horse, Baiting the Horses, Watering Cattle, and a multitude of similar subjects. His various Stable Scenes, Publick-house doors, and Gipsies Reposing, are also of this description. A few exceptions, indeed, he has afforded, as his Mail

Coach in a storm,* and his sketch of Rubbing Down the Post Horse. In such instances the positions are sometimes well imagined, but he was unable to give action to the parts.

"He therefore in general chose quiescent attitudes for his horses and other animals. He felt his deficiency in anatomical knowledge, and was careful not to expose it by unsuccessful attempts to represent actions in which he could not place his model. He succeeded best in those animals that required least correctness of drawing, such as pigs, guinea-pigs, sheep, asses, and rabbits; in these, indeed, he is often extremely happy; for no artist ever painted such subjects with greater feeling. He avoided the delicate proportions of the horse, by selecting such as were old, rough, and clumsy. A white horse was a favourite object with him, as it must be with every painter, from its affording a mass of light, with a most desirable opportunity for the display of colouring, owing to the variety of yellow and other tints with which it is diversified. Indeed, an old white horse of this description is one of the most picturesque objects to be met with in rustick scenery."

It would be committing an unreasonable trespass to proceed further in these extracts. Mr. Dawe has examined Morland's style of painting with a critical and professional eye, and it is not without confidence that we refer such of our readers to his volume, as may be disposed to pursue the subject further. They will find it very amusing, and well written.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK—EXTRACT.

Sermons on several subjects; by the late Rev. W. Paley, D. D. Sub-Dean of Lincoln, Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Rector of Bishop-Wearmouth. 8vo. 535 pp. Sunderland; printed. 1806——Philadelphia, republished, Hopkins and Earle, 1 vol. 8vo. —price $ 1. 87 1-2.

PREFIXED to this volume is an extract from the will of the excellent author, in the following words:

"If my life had been continued, it was my intention to print at Sunderland a collection of Sermons—five hundred copies, to be distributed gratis in the parish—to deliver them to Mr. Stephenson, to print and distribute one copy in a family—first to those who frequent church, then to farmers' families in the country, then to such poorer families as have a person who can read, or are likely to read them. I would not have the said Sermons printed for sale."

Having received a copy some time ago, by favour of a very kind friend, and finding, on examination, that the discourses are truly worthy of the character and talents of the author, we applied to the person to whom we were indebted, for leave to give a publick account of them. By some accident, this letter received no answer, and we remained in suspense, between our unwillingness to withhold from our readers the excellent instruction we might thus give them, and the point of honour, with respect to the executors of the author; who, for some reason, not easily to be guessed, forbid them to be printed for sale. At length, seeing them advertised as published, our scruples were at an end; but now again a doubt seems to be thrown upon the publication.† Finally, however, we adhere to our last resolution; for published they must be at some time or other, and nothing but good can be produced by encouraging the ardour of the publick to hasten that event. If this be in the smallest degree contrary to the wish of the friend who sent them, the fault must rest with him, for leaving our

* A print which was highly admired by Girtin, who having been requested to make a companion to it, after studying it for some time, threw down his pencil, exclaiming—That he could not do any thing like it.

† We are told that it has been stopped by the executors. In compliance with the duty of that office they are doubtlessly obliged to do so; but it is a misfortune to the publick that such was the determination of the author.

question unanswered; but in the effect we must cordially rejoice; for to have been enjoined silence, on such a subject, would have been very painful.

We have very carefully read the discourses, and are clearly of opinion that they are, on the whole, not inferiour in value and importance to any prior work of the learned and acute author. The style, it is true, has not received all the polish which he was capable of bestowing on it, and this, perhaps, was the principal reason why he determined to restrict the distribution of the volume. It has, indeed, a plainness, apparently studied, to assist the comprehension of the class in which he intended the volume to be published. There is merit, however, far above that of style, which some of these discourses possess in the highest degree, that of elucidating difficult points in a manner, clear, original and convincing. The talent to perform this was possessed by Dr. Paley, in so very eminent a way, that no person who knows his other works will be surprised at the fact; yet, even they who estimate his powers at the highest, would not, perhaps, have expected so much light, as he has been enabled to throw upon that most important as well as difficult subject, the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit. This doctrine being so momentous to every Christian, and so decisive, when rightly understood, against the vain pretensions of enthusiasts, shall take the lead in our account of the volume. After we have merely premised that the whole number of sermons is thirty five, and that they are all instructive, and not only pious, but calculated to inspire the zeal and fervour of true piety.

In giving unqualified praise to these discourses we have gratified our own feelings, and, since the writer is no more, we cannot be suspected of a wish to flatter. With respect to the works of authors of established fame, it has been well observed by a foreign critick, that reviewers are placed in a kind of dilemma. If they give only praise, they are thought to flatter, or to be influenced by mere regard to a name; if they censure, they are often accused of envy.

"Nam cum nil nisi laudandum in libro repererit, in adulationis levitatisque suspicionem incurrat: cum vero reprehendenda quædam notaverit, invidiæ obtrectationisque crimen suscipiat." But, with the same elegant writer,* we can say: "Nos hunc scrupulum ipsi nobis antea exemimus, quam ad censuras scribendas accederemus; statuentes nobis hanc legem, ut in omnibus judiciis sententiisque nostris *unam veritatem coleremus*, eamque sanctam inviolatamque servaremus, et in neutram partem ab ea discederemus."

ORIGINAL AMERICAN REVIEW.

American Ornithology; or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States, illustrated with plates, engraved and coloured from original Drawings taken from nature. By Alexander Wilson. Imperial quarto, pp. 160. vol. i. price 12 dollars. Philadelphia, published by Bradford and Inskeep.

UNDER a plain, unassuming title-page, we have been surprised with the appearance and contents of the first volume of a new work, which, if continued through the succeeding volumes in the same style of elegance, and with equal fidelity to nature, will not only do honour to the individual and the country that gave it birth, but may serve as a model to the Ornithologists of Europe, where it is not likely soon to be surpassed. The advantages

* Wyttenbach, in the Bibliotheca Critica, vol. i. part 4.

of correct, well coloured engravings, in books of this kind, are so many, and their effects so great, that they seem almost indispensable. In a few moments they speak more to the understanding, through the medium of the eye, than could be conveyed in a volume by words; and the impressions are not only received with more pleasure, but rendered much more lasting. When to these are added interesting details of the objects themselves, in language at once familiar and elegant, the labours of the writer are entitled to the good wishes, at least, of every man of taste, and friend to literature. The present work, of which we propose to give some account, has every claim to the above merits. The engravings are not only executed with the superiour skill and precision of the two distinguished artists, whose names they bear (Messrs. Lawson and Murray) but are coloured in such a manner as to have all the effect of rich paintings in water colours; while in the descriptive part the author has shown himself fully competent to, and familiar with, his subject.

The motives and designs of the writer are thus avowed in the Introduction. To the arguments he urges on behalf of his subject we cheerfully yield our assent.

"As to the nature of the work, it is intended to comprehend a description, and representation of every species of our native birds, from the shores of St. Laurence, to the mouths of the Mississippi, and from the Atlantick ocean to the interiour of Louisiana. These will be engraved in a style superiour to any thing of the kind hitherto published and coloured from nature, with the most scrupulous adherence to the true tints of the original.

"The bare account of scientifick names, colour of bills, claws, feathers, &c. would form but a dry detail; neither in a publication of the present kind, where every species is faithfully figured and coloured, is a long and minute description of the form, and feathers, absolutely necessary—This would, in the opinion of some, be like introducing a gentleman to company, with "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. ———. has on a blue coat—white pantaloons—hussar boots," *&c. &c.* while a single glance of the eye over the person himself told us all this before the orator had time to open his mouth; so infinitely more rapidly do ideas reach us through the medium of the eye, than by that of the ear. But as time may prey on the best of colours, what is necessary in this respect will by no means be omitted, that the figures and descriptions may mutually corroborate each other. It is also my design to enter more largely than usual into the manners and disposition of each respective species; to become, as it were, their faithful biographer, and to delineate their various peculiarities, in character, song, building, economy, &c. as far as my own observations have extended, or the kindness of others may furnish me with materials.

The ORNITHOLOGY of the United States exhibits a rich display of the most splendid colours, from the green, silky, gold-be-spangled down of the minute Humming Bird, scarce three inches in extent, to the black, coppery wings of the gloomy Condor, of sixteen feet, who sometimes visits our northern regions—a numerous and powerful band of songsters, that for sweetness, variety, and melody, are surpassed by no country on earth—an everchanging scene of migration from torrid to temperate, and from northern to southern regions, in quest of suitable seasons, food, and climate; and such an amazing diversity in habit, economy, form, disposition and faculties, so uniformly hereditary in each species, and so completely adequate to their peculiar wants and convenience, as to overwhelm us with astonishment at the power, wisdom and beneficence of the Creator!

"In proportion as we become acquainted with these particulars, our visits to, and residence in the country, become more and more agreeable. Formerly, on such occasions, we found ourselves in solitude, or, with respect to the feathered tribes, as it were in a strange country, where the manners, language and faces of all were either totally overlooked, or utterly unknown to us. Now, we find ourselves among interesting and well known neighbours and acquaintances; and, in the notes of every songster, recognise with satisfaction, the voice of an old friend and companion. A study thus tending to multiply our enjoyments at so cheap a rate, and to lead us, by such pleasing gradations, to the contemplation and worship of the *Great First Cause*, the Father and Preserver of all, can neither be idle nor useless, but is worthy of rational beings, and doubtless agreeable to the Deity.

The descriptive part of the book commences with the history of the *Blue Jay*, a well known American Species The figure of this bird, given in the plate, is truly elegant, and seems a perfect copy from Nature. Its peculiarities are detailed with a great deal of minuteness. Noisy restlessness, depredations in the corn fields, and among the nests of other smaller birds, appear the most prominent features of its character.

"Of all birds he is the most bitter enemy to the owl. No sooner has he discovered the retreat of one of these than he summons the whole feathered fraternity to his assistance, who surround the glimmering *solitaire*, and attack him from all sides, raising such a shout as may be heard, in a still day, more than half a mile off. When in my hunting excursions I have passed near this scene of tumult, I have imagined to myself that I heard the insulting party venting their respective charges with all the virulency of a Billingsgate mob; the owl, meanwhile, returning every compliment with a broad goggling stare. The war becomes louder and louder, and the owl at length forced to betake himself to flight, is followed by his whole train of persecutors, until driven beyond the boundaries of their jurisdiction.

"But the blue jay himself is not guiltless of similar depredations with the owl, and becomes in his turn the very tyrant he detested, when he sneaks through the woods, as he frequently does, and among the thickets and hedge rows, plundering every nest he can find of its eggs, tearing up the callow young by piecemeal, and spreading alarm and sorrow around him. The cries of the distressed parents soon bring together a number of interested spectators (for birds in such circumstances seem truly to sympathize with each other) and he is sometimes attacked with such spirit as to be under the necessity of making a speedy retreat.

He will sometimes assault small birds, with the intention of killing and devouring them; an instance of which I myself once witnessed, over a piece of woods near the borders of Schuylkill; where I saw him engaged for more than five minutes pursuing what I took to be a species of Motacilla (M. Maculosa, Yellow Rump) wheeling, darting and doubling in the air, and at last, to my great satisfaction, got disappointed, in the escape of his intended prey. In times of great extremity when his hoard or magazine is frozen up, buried in snow, or perhaps exhausted, he becomes very voracious, and will make a meal of whatever carrion or other animal substance comes in the way, and has been found regaling himself on the bowels of a robin (Turdus migratorius) in less than five minutes after it was shot."

These traits are somewhat softened by the following, which are evidently drawn from nature.

"There are, however, individual exceptions to this general character for plunder and outrage, a proneness for which is probably often occasioned by the wants and irritations of necessity. A Blue Jay, which I have kept for some time, and with whom I am on terms of familiarity, is in reality a very notable example of mildness of disposition and sociability of manners. An accident in the woods first put me in possession of this bird, while in full plumage, and in high health and spirits. I carried him home with me, and put him into a cage already occupied by a Golden-winged Wood-pecker (Picus Auratus) where he was saluted with such rudeness, and received such a drubbing from the lord of the manor, for entering his premises, that, to save his life, I was obliged to take him out again. I then put him into another cage, where the only tenant was a female Oriolus Spurius (bastard Baltimore.) She also put on airs of alarm, as if she considered herself endangered and insulted by the intrusion; the jay meanwhile sat mute and motionless on the bottom of the cage, either dubious of his own situation, or willing to allow time for the fears of his neighbour to subside. Accordingly in a few minutes, after displaying various threatening gestures (like some of those Indians we read of in their first interviews with the whites) she began to make her approaches, but with great circumspection, and readiness for retreat. Seeing, however, the jay begin to pick up some crumbs of broken chesnuts, in a humble and peaceable way, she also descended, and began to do the same; but at the slightest motion of her new guest, wheeled round and put herself on the defensive. All this ceremonious jealousy vanished before evening; and they now roost together, feed, and play together, in perfect harmony and good humour. When the jay goes to drink, his messmate very impudently jumps into the saucer to wash herself, throwing the water in showers over her companion, who bears it all patiently; venturing now and then to take a sip between every splash, without betraying the smallest token of irritation. On the contrary, he seems to

take pleasure in his little fellow-prisoner, allowing her to pick (which she does very gently) about his whiskers, and to clean his claws from the minute fragments of chesnuts which happen to adhere to them. This attachment on the one part, and mild condescension on the other, may, perhaps, be partly the effect of mutual misfortunes, which are found not only to knit mankind, but many species of inferiour animals, more closely together, and shows that the disposition of the blue jay may be humanized, and rendered susceptible of affectionate impressions, even for those birds which in a state of nature he would have no hesitation in making a meal of.

The Baltimore Bird (Oriolus Baltimorus) or Hanging Bird, is particularly described. The extent of its range, the singular formation of its nest, and the errours of European writers respecting its manners, are fully discussed. The author has also here, as well as elsewhere, given us a specimen of his poetical talents, which we could have wished had been still more numerously interspersed. The circumstances of building and incubation are thus delineated.

High on yon poplar clad in glossiest green,
The orange, black-capped Baltimore is seen,
The broad extended boughs still please him best,
Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his nest;
There his sweet mate, secure from every harm
Broods o'er her spotted store and wraps them warm;
Lists to the noontide hum of busy bees,
Her partner's mellow song, the brook, the breeze;
These day by day the lonely hours deceive,
From dewy morn to slow descending eve.
Two weeks elapsed, behold a helpless crew!
Claim all her care and her affection too;
On wings of love th' assiduous nurses fly,
Flowers, leaves, and boughs abundant food supply;
Glad chants their guardian as abroad he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose.

The Wood Thrush is represented as a "sweet and solitary songster." His character is thus described on his first arrival in spring.

"With the dawn of the succeeding morning, mounting to the top of some tall tree that rises from a low, thick shaded part of the woods, he pipes his few but clear and musical notes in a kind of ecstacy; the prelude, or symphony to which, strongly resembles the double-tonguing of a German flute, and sometimes the tinkling of a small bell; the whole song consists of five or six parts, the last note of each of which is in such a tone as to leave the conclusion evidently suspended. The finale is finely managed, and with such charming effect as to sooth and tranquillize the mind, and to seem sweeter and mellower at each successive repetition. Rival songsters, of the same species, challenge each other from different parts of the wood, seeming to vie for softer tones and more exquisite responses. During the burning heat of the day they are comparatively mute; but in the evening the same melody is renewed, and continued long after sunset. Those who visit our woods, or ride out into the country at these hours, during the months of May and June, will be at no loss to recognise, from the above description, this pleasing musician. Even in dark, wet, and gloomy weather, when scarce a single chirp is heard from any other bird, the clear notes of the Wood Thrush thrill through the dropping woods, from morning to night; and it may truly be said, that the sadder the day the sweeter is his song.

"The favourite haunts of the Wood Thrush are low, thick-shaded hollows, through which a small brook or rill meanders, overhung with alder bushes that are mantled with wild vines. Near such a scene he generally builds his nest, in a laurel or alder bush. Outwardly it is composed of withered beech leaves of the preceding year, laid at bottom in considerable quantities, no doubt to prevent damp and moisture from ascending through, being generally built in low wet situations; above these are layers of knotty stalks of withered grass, mixed with mud, and smoothly plastered, above which is laid a slight lining of fine, black, fibrous roots of plants. The eggs are four, sometimes five, of a uniform light blue, without any spots.

The Wood Thrush appears always singly or in pairs, and is of a shy, retired, unobtrusive disposition. With the modesty of true merit he charms you with his song,

but is content and even solicitous to be concealed. He delights to trace the irregular windings of the brook, where, by the luxuriance of foliage, the sun is completely shut out, or only plays in a few interrupted beams on the glittering surface of the water."

The history of the Robin (Turdus Migratorius) is accompanied by a striking representation of that well known bird, which we instantly recognise. But the Gold-winged Woodpecker (Picus Auratus) challenges still more our attention. This bird, we are told, has been described by Europeans, as forming an intermediate link between the Cuckoos and Woodpeckers, having the greatest resemblance to the former, so as to have been arranged by several eminent ornithologists with the Cuckoo. This notion Mr. Wilson endeavours to prove to be without foundation, by a minute description of the conformation of the tongue of the species, the tail-feathers, manners, food, mode of constructing its nest, and a variety of other circumstances. He attempts also, and with considerable humour and effect, to vindicate this species from the aspersions thrown on the whole of the woodpecker tribe, in the well known philipick of Buffon. The following are the passages we refer to.

"The abject and degraded character which the count de Buffon, with equal eloquence and absurdity, has drawn of the whole tribe of Woodpeckers, belongs not to the elegant and sprightly bird now before us. How far it is applicable to any of them will be examined hereafter. He is not "constrained to drag out an insipid existence in boring the bark and hard fibres of trees to extract his prey;" for he frequently finds in the loose mouldering ruins of an old stump (the capital of a nation of pismires) more than is sufficient for the wants of a whole week. *He* cannot be said to "lead a mean and gloomy life, without an intermission of labour," who usually feasts by the first peep of dawn, and spends the early and sweetest hours of morning on the highest peaks of the tallest trees, calling on his mate or companions; or pursuing and gamboling with them round the larger limbs and body of the tree for hours together; for such are really his habits. Can it be said that "necessity never grants an interval of sound repose" to that bird, who, while other tribes are exposed to all the peltings of the midnight storm, lodges dry and secure in a snug chamber of his own constructing; or that "the narrow circumference of a tree circumscribes *his* dull round of life," who, as seasons and inclination inspire, roams from the frigid to the torrid zone, feasting on the abundance of various regions? Or is it a proof that "his appetite is never softened by delicacy of taste" because he so often varies his bill of fare, occasionally preferring to animal food the rich milkiness of young Indian corn, and the wholesome and nourishing berries of the wild cherry, sour gum, and red cedar? Let the reader turn to the faithful representation of him given in the plate, and say whether his looks be "sad and melancholy." It is truly ridiculous and astonishing that such absurdities should escape the lips or pen of one so able to do justice to the respective merits of every species; but Buffon had too often a favourite theory to prop up, that led him insensibly astray; and so, forsooth, the whole family of woodpeckers must look sad, sour, and be miserable, to satisfy the caprice of a whimsical philosopher who takes it into his head that they are, and ought to be so.

"But the count is not the only European who has misrepresented and traduced this beautiful bird. One has given him brown legs,* another a yellow neck,† a third has declared him a cuckoo;‡ and in an English translation of Linnæus's System of Nature, lately published, he is characterized as follows: "Body striated with black and grey; cheeks red; chin black; never climbs on trees;"§ which is just as correct as if in describing the human species we should say—skin striped with black and green; cheeks blue; chin orange; never walks on foot, &c. The pages of natural history should resemble a faithful mirrour, in which mankind may recognise the true images of the living originals; instead of which we find this department of them, too often, like the hazy and rough medium of wretched window glass, through whose crooked protuberances every thing appears so strangely distorted, that one scarcely knows their most intimate neighbours and acquaintances."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* See Encyc. Brit. Art. Picus. † Latham. ‡ Klein. § "*P. griseo nigroque transversim striatus.*"——"*truncos arborum non scandit*" Ind. Orn. vol. i. p. 242.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

THE HINDOO CITY, DHUBOY.

The following description of the once celebrated Hindoo city, Dhuboy, situated to the northward of Baroach, is entirely new to the European world. We have reason to believe that there are in India many cities, now fallen from their original splendour, or even in ruins, which formerly boasted of their illustrious residents, and their own magnificence. They deserve the attention of the curious, as marking the manners of a part of mankind; and even the histories of their foundations are not without interest, as they manifest the mode of narration adopted by the natives; and their traditionary variations from simple truth

DHUBOY is a Hindoo city, that can boast of the most valuable remains of very remote antiquity. The fortifications which surround it are nearly three miles in circumference; and the ancient parts, that yet remain, are constructed in an elegant and costly manner, being formed entirely of a beautiful hewn stone, having a covered piazza, supported by pillars and pilasters that are formed of triangular stones, and are adorned by very curious sculpture.

The four principal entrances, or gates of the city, are yet more magnificently decorated, and exhibit a more expensive, and valuable species of workmanship, particularly that which opens towards the east. This is called, by way of eminence, the gate of diamonds.

Many lacks of rupees were expended upon the decorations of this gate alone, and so great is the profusion of carved work and fine basso-relievos, and for the Indian style of sculpture, they are so admirably executed, that the most superficial and idle spectator must, of necessity, be forcibly struck by its magnificent appearance.

Near the centre of this justly celebrated city, a spacious tank of the purest water expands its broad and placid surface, which is adorned by several small but beautiful islands, bearing groves of trees that are clothed by an eternal verdure.

This artificial tank is surrounded, for the greatest part, by flights of marble steps, which descend to the very bottom of the water. It was originally made for a reservoir of water, for the use of the inhabitants, and was formed at a vast expense. Notwithstanding it adorns the centre of a large city, and that containing many very considerable manufactures, the banks are ornamented by beautiful groves of mango and tamarind trees, that suspend their luxurious foliage and fruits over the reflecting surface of the tank; while all around, trees of the same species are seen overshadowing the Hindoo pagodas and splendid houses of the Bramins, who are a very numerous class of people in Dhuboy.

I have seldom seen so interesting a spectacle as is to be observed almost every day in this city. Under the grateful shade of these verdant canopies, the weavers fix their looms, and carry on various branches of the cotton manufacture; and, together with the surrounding objects, form a most pleasing and gratifying sight, to a man who feels delight in the contemplation of earthly comfort, and of human happiness.

As the harmless inhabitants never persecute, or even molest, any part of the animal creation, the face of this beautiful tank is covered with large flocks of wild ducks, pelicans, and a variety of water fowl, which remain in perfect security, and feed unconscious of fear; while the trees are filled with peacocks, cranes, doves, and many other beautiful birds; and thousands of monkeys jump about, and play their antick tricks, even on the very roofs of the houses. These animals swarm, to such a degree, in the streets of Dhuboy, that they appear far more numerous than the other inhabitants.

The multiplicity of birds and monkeys, resident in Dhuboy, is owing to the universal protection that is afforded to them by the Hindoos who are the principal and most numerous inhabitants of the city, which is by much the most beautiful and interesting place I have seen in the east; and the appearance of so many animals, that in other places are wild and will scarcely allow a stranger to approach them, but which are here so tame that they exist under the immediate power of the lords of the creation, forms a striking picture, and recalls to the mind of the spectator, the beautiful allegory of men in a state of innocence, when surrounded by all the monsters of the forest, and the various species of the animated creation, without fear of danger or dread of persecution.

The scite of this city is so extremely low, wet, and marshy, that the stranger is astonished how its early founders came to fix upon so disagreeable a spot (when compared with the delightful situations that almost every where surround it) for the foundation of so famed a city. But an account of its origin, which has been carefully handed down to the present generation, and which is generally believed by the inhabitants to be true, at once explains the cause.

I have little doubt but this story is founded upon fact; but as almost all the Asiatick traditions, and what the natives term historical facts are mingled with the most extravagant fable, it requires a long and accurate intimacy with their manners, customs, and literature, in order to select that which can be relied upon as truth, and distinguish its simple garb, from the rich and many coloured robes that clothe their fable, allegory, and metaphor; but, as I am convinced that all those of my readers, who possess even the smallest degree of taste, will be much gratified by the account of the origin of this city, I will present them with the best authenticated relation I have been able to obtain.

Many centuries have now rolled away, and have shrouded the innumerable events and actions of men, in a universal gloom of doubt and uncertainty, that now can never be removed; yet, amongst those few records which have survived the wreck of ages, is one that remains to inform posterity, that the rich and powerful kingdom of Guzerat was (in the early ages of Asiatick history) governed by a mighty, and invincible monarch, named Sadara Jaising (which, according to the derivation of their peculiar language, means the successful and strong lion) who held his residence at Putton, a celebrated and magnificent city of the north.

This powerful monarch was blessed in the possession of seven wives who were the most beautiful and accomplished females of his empire, and by them he had many children; but, as is always the case, where one man is in possession of so many women, he had his favourite, and this was the youngest and most fascinating of his wives, who, by way of eminence, was called, Ruttanalee, or the Lustre of Jewels; but unfortunately for her, and for her royal consort, she had not the happiness to be a mother.

The other ladies of the haram, who were extremely jealous of Ruttanalee, and had ever entertained a deadly hate towards her, and sought by all the means in their power to weaken that peculiar affection which the Rajah always evinced towards her, had hitherto made the unfortunate circumstance of her barrenness, their principal plea in order to alienate his love.

But, notwithstanding the beauteous Ruttanalee produced not the delightful fruits of her interesting connexion with the puissant emperour of Guzerat; yet that virtuous monarch had too much judgment, and too ardent a love for her who contributed so much towards his earthly happiness, to cast her off at the iniquitous instigations of a nest of jealous, envious, and abandoned women.

But at length, a circumstance occurred, that caused a very great sensation throughout the haram. This was no other than the long-wished-for pregnancy of Ruttanalee, which had been so ardently longed after by herself, and the Rajah; but no event, whatever, could have been more unwelcome to her enemies, and their hatred became still more rancorous; till, at length, it knew no bounds, and they were determined to have recourse to supernatural agency, in order to prevent the birth of the expected infant.

According to the superstitious opinions and customs of the Indians, they firmly believe in the power of the charms and spells which are made use of by their religious devotees; and in the belief that the existence of the child, whose birth was so much dreaded by the implacable enemies of Ruttanalee, could be averted by these means; those wicked wretches immediately employed the necessary agents, and as soon as the superstitious rites were performed, they remained easy, under the ridiculous idea, that the unborn babe would never be an inhabitant of this world.

Indeed, so credulous was the much envied Ruttanalee, that she firmly believed in the power of the witchcraft that had been employed against her; and was very uneasy under the idea, that the talisman had already taken effect, and that so long as she remained in the place where she then was, her babe would never see the light.

Impressed with these melancholy ideas, she requested permission from the Rajah, to remove from the haram, to a considerable distance in the country, there to remain until the days of her travail should be passed; and, in order to prevail with him the more effectually, she stated to him some of her reasons for wishing to take this step.

The Rajah immediately consented, and ordered a very numerous, and splendid retinue to accompany her, together with every necessary and luxury she might want; and with this magnificent equipage, she set out from the imperial city of Guzerat, in order to sacrifice at a distant but sacred temple of the Hindoo gods, situated on the verdant banks of the majestick Norbudda.

After a very long, and tedious journey, she arrived, about the close of the day, at a hallowed grove, about ten miles distant from the temple to which she was travelling, and which was situated in the very spot where the city of Dhuboy now stands. The dews of night falling around, and the light of day gradually giving place to the increasing gloom of darkness, she ordered her camp to be fixed in the grove for that night, intending to pursue her journey on the following morning.

While engaged in her evening devotions, in her own tent, a holy dervise, or faqhir, who had long ago renounced all connexions with the world, and who had, for many years, resided in the recesses of that grove, in a seat of

religious retirement, arrived at her camp, and requested an immediate audience with the princess.

Being admitted into her presence, he informed her, that the place upon which she had fixed her tent, was sacred and unpolluted ground; and that, if she remained where she was, she would, in a very few days, be delivered of a fine boy, that should be the delight and support of his country.

Ruttanalee, who had, from her infancy, been taught to place implicit confidence in the predictions of holy men, instantly determined to continue in her present encampment, and dismissed the dervise with many protestations of regard, and great fervency of gratitude, for his favourable prognostications.

The holy man's prophecy was actually fulfilled in a very short period, and the delighted Ruttanalee was delivered of a most beautiful prince, who, at the particular request of the dervise, was named Viseldow, or the long expected child.

The happy news of the birth of a son was immediately conveyed to the imperial city, and so delighted was the monarch at these joyful tidings, that he instantly declared the young prince heir to the throne of Guzerat; and being informed that his beloved Ruttanalee was charmed with the spot where she had been blessed by the favouring gods with a lovely boy, and was fearful of the jealousy of her rivals at his court, and did not wish to return, he ordered a spacious tank to be formed, and sent skilful artificers of every description, to build a large city, and surrounded it by strong fortifications; he also commanded the most eminent artists in his empire to decorate the new city, by every species of costly ornament.

Having collected together the most celebrated artisans, from every part of his dominions, he placed them under the direction and control of one architect, a man of remarkable abilities, and exquisite taste, who had the good fortune to live till this extraordinary work was completed, which has not only immortalized his fame, as one of the most mighty men that ever existed, but which has ever been considered by the Hindoos, as one of the most astonishing productions of one man's genius, that the world has ever seen.

So many years were necessary to complete this immense work, that by the time it was finished the young prince, who had been born on its scite, had succeeded his distinguished father, as monarch, or Rajah Guzerat; and he was so much pleased with the place of his nativity, that he made it the seat of government; and having sent for those artists who had survived the undertaking, he gave them valuable presents, as tokens of his royal approbation; but wishing to distinguish the man, to whose very superiour talents the city owed its greatest beauty and chief advantages, above the rest, he desired him to name any reward for his services, that he could bestow, and he should directly have it.

The artist replied, that being happy in the gracious favour of his sovereign, he wanted neither money nor jewels; but as the place was yet without a name, he should deem it a high honour, and an adequate reward for his labour, if he might be permitted to give it *the title of his own*, which was *Dhuboy*. The prince immediately gave his consent, and it has ever retained the same name, even unto this day.

SATIRICAL.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, LONDON.

Vox—et præterea nihil.

SIR,

ONE of the correspondents in your last month's number, suggests a plan for handing down to posterity the way in which the languages of Europe are at present pronounced, by means of recording, in the orthography of the respective alphabets, the sounds of the inferiour animals: "which," he says, "have been, are, and will be the same, in all time coming." He adduces instances to show, that in the days of Theocritus and of Plautus the sheep cried *ba,a*, and the cuckoo *tu,tu*. "These," he says, "serve to point out, that the inferiour animals cried two thousand years ago *exactly* as they do at present, and *also* serve to show how the ancients sounded certain of the letters in their alphabet." Now I humbly conceive it to be impossible for any examples of this kind to prove *both* these points. They can prove only *one;* and I apprehend we express the cuckoo's note by a different orthography (the name of the bird) at present. The idea, however, is wonderfully ingenious and profound; and I shall be proud to contribute my trifling assistance in the furtherance of it. How greatly such an object is wanted, is well known to scholars. Mr. Godwin says in his Inquirer, that the most learned man now living does not understand the Latin tongue so well as a Roman milk-maid did; nor, with respect to its *pronunciation*, so well as the cows that she milked. The following are the particulars, which, after some research, and on consulting the best authorities, I have been able to collect in this view.

To your correspondent's expression of the *cuckoo's* note, I must (as I mentioned before) except. Shakspeare records it otherwise, in a song:

> The cuckoo then on every tree
> Mocks married men, for thus sings he:
> "*Cuckoo, cuckoo.*" O word of fear,
> Unpleasing to a married ear! *

Two notes, perhaps, thought to be ascertained with nearly equal precision, are those of the *cock* and the *dog*. Both these I shall produce from the same poet, in the song of Ferdinand and Ariel, in the first act of the Tempest:

> Hark, hark: *bough-waugh:* the watch-dog's bark,
> *Bough waugh.*
> Hark, hark: I hear the strain of strutting Chanticlere
> Cry, *cock-a-doodle-doo.*

I confess, however, I have seen the former given with some variation, on an authority very respectable in matters of this kind, thus:

> *Bow-wow-wow-wow.*—
> Whose dog art thou?—
> Little Tom Tinker's dog,
> *Bow-wow-wow-wow.*

From the dog, the transition to the *cat* is obvious. George Alexander Stevens, in one of his Readings, introduces an amorous dialogue between two cats, beginning with their addressing each other by name as follows:

> He. *Moll-row, Moll-row.*
> She. *Curwell, Cur-well.*

Shakspeare, however, softens the note in youth, in this line:

> I'd rather be a *kitten*, and cry *mew.*

Theocritus, as your correspondent informs us, has preserved the cry of the *sheep* in his time: to which I add, that it is on printed record, without variation, among ourselves, in the farce of the Village Lawyer.

* *Cocu*, French, cuckold.

Swift has taken some pains to catch the neighing of a *horse*, in his invention of *houyhnhm;* and (in the first chapters of his fourth voyage) a shorter cry of that animal, *hhuun, hhuun*. Job says of the war-horse (chap. xxxix. ver. 25) "He saith among the trumpets, *ha, ha:*" but I am not inclined to depend much on this, as I do not understand the original expression, to which I think our translators may perhaps have accommodated an interjection of our own. It is desirable to have the Hebrew sound in this place faithfully represented, that we may know what it is the horse really did say.

I have no written voucher for giving the bellowing of the *cow* as something like *moo*.

The cry of *young pigs* is on record in the lines which most of us have heard from our nurses:

This pig went to market, &c.

I shall not repeat the whole poem, as I can attain the purpose with more advantage by an old "quibble" of much simplicity, on sucking pigs, rescued from oblivion in a periodical publication of last month:

A fellow was to seek
Why pigs cry *week, week, week,*
And nothing else would repeat.
He was told they did cry
"Week, week, week," only
'Cause in *three weeks* they're kill'd to eat.

There is no deficiency of testimony concerning the *Canary bird's* chirping. *Pretty Dick*, and *sweet, sweet*, are, as far as my most diligent observation has extended, its universal interpretations.

The *duck's* note is generally called *quack;* but Pope, in his Imitation of Chaucer, writes it rather differently thus:

Miss stared; and grey ducke crieth, *quaake.*

I believe the *hen's* note is variously pronounced *chuck.—cluck*, and *clock.*

Shakspeare gives us the *owl's* song in one of his own:

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, tu-whoo: a merry note, &c.

The *jack-daw's* note we have on the authority of Cowper, in an epigram on the speculations of that bird from a steeple:

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physick, law,
Its customs and its businesses,
Are no concern at all of his;
And says—What says he?—*Caw.*

The same note is given to the *crow* in the jest-books, by a traveller who heard that bird in Scotland. "*Caw, caw*, and be d——d, if you stay in such a country as this when you have wings to fly away."

The *nightingale's* song I remember seeing introduced in some juvenile verses, describing her to

sit snug,
And charm the ear with *jug, jug, jug.*

There is a *small bird* called, from its note, *pee-wit;* and Mr. Ashe, in the first volume of his entertaining Travels, lately published, mentions an American bird, which, for a similar reason, is named *whip-poor-Will.*

If I remember right from my school days, it is stated in one of the notes to the Delphin edition of Ovid's Metamorphoses, that the *frog's* croak resembles the (French?) pronunciation of the Latin words *sub aqua, sub aqua.*

But I beg leave to suggest to your correspondent, whether his plan would not admit of being extended, so as to include likewise the sounds afforded by *inanimate* objects. For this extension there are certainly ample materials; a few of which at present occurring to my mind, I shall exhibit.

One of the most prominent instances at this season of festivity (Whitsuntide) is that of *church-bells:* but this indeed is rather scanty, hardly exceeding *ding dong*, though Shekspeare carries it one step further.

Let us all ring Fancy's knell.
I'll begin it; *ding dong bell.*

As for the prophecy found in them by Whittington, and the contradictory admonitions by a widow in a singular story related, I think, in the Curiosities of Literature, I abandon them as not much to the present purpose.

On speaking of a watch or a clock, it is unnecessary to add a single word of confirmation in assigning to them *tick tack.*

But a most valuable record of this kind is preserved in Tristram Shandy, where the sounds of the *strings of a violin*, in putting them into tune (they were of course, at the time, out of tune) are thus accurately delineated: *Ptr-r-ing—twing—twang—prut, trut, trut, prut—tr-a, e,i,o,u—twang—trut, prut—diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, dum: twaddle diddle, twiddle diddle, twiddle diddle, twoddle diddle, twuddle diddle: prut, trut—krish, krash, krush: diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, diddle, hum, dum, drum: trut prut, prut, trut.*

There are two other expressions very well established for *musical sounds*, but I am reluctantly obliged to give them up; as, in the first of the following quotations, they are appropriated to no particular instrument, and, in the second, are applied to instruments which they do not seem at all to suit:

Some say that signior Bononcini,
Compared to Handel, 's a mere ninny.
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference there should be
'Twixt *dweedle-dum, and dweedle-dee!*

EPIGRAM.

Sound the *trumpet*, beat the *drum;*
Tweedle-dee, and *tweedle-dum.*

LITERARY MAGAZINE.

The sound of a *postillion's whip* is also given by Tristram Shandy as *crack, rack, crack.*

In Pope's Iliad, a *spear* or an *arrow* in the air may abundantly be seen to *whiz.*

A *bow-string*, when pulled, is said to *twang*, on the same authority; which is also confirmed by a song of Garrick's:

My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a *twang.*

The noise of a *fly's wings* in motion is given by Shakspeare:

Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty *buzzing* melody,
Came here to make us merry, and thou hast kill'd him!

The same word, and *humming*, are applied to a *bee.*

The noise of a *large bird's wings* in rising is well expressed by Pope (Windsor Forest) in the line,

See, from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs.

The beat of a *drum* is pretty commonly agreed on. We have it in a military song in the surrender of Calais:

Nothing to eat,
Rub-a-dub-dub,
Rub-a-dub-dub,
We have nothing to eat.

It is also in another song:

And our hearts beat the *rub-a-dub* feelings of joy.

Nothing further occurs to me at present on this highly important subject, except that I believe the sound of a *hunting-horn* is represented by *tantivy*. S.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE PETER IVONITCH BAGRATION.

THIS illustrious prince and general was born in Georgia, of the royal stock of that warlike nation. Like most of the princes who derive their origin from the ancient dynasties of the vast empire of Russia, his family reside at Moscow, where they have a splendid palace, and live in all the pomp of eastern sovereignty.

Moscow may be compared to the former labyrinth of Thebes, not the residence of merely one king, but the abode of several. When the emperour Joseph the Second of Germany visited this city, he said to a nobleman who accompanied him: "Here all the chief princes of the country seem to have settled, surrounded each by his villages, his church, and his vassals." Hither the families, who count the names of the first Velike Knezes (the paramount princes of Muscovy) and the earliest Tzars, in the roll of their ancestors, retired. Formerly independent princes, but now drawn into the wide vortex of an empire which embraces nearly one quarter of the globe, and too proud to mingle with a race of courtiers round the imperial throne, they reside within the walls of the ancient capital, and there enjoy the advantages of royalty without its cares. Nothing can transcend the grandeur of these families inhabiting gorgeous palaces, attended by numerous slaves superbly clad, and drawn in equipages glittering with all the decorations of Asiatick splendour. A traveller might suppose, on witnessing their retinue, their entertainments, and their courts, that he had quitted earth and descended into the subterraneous regions of the Genii, where their domes flame with gold, their robes blaze with gems, and breathe the fragrance of Arabia.

From such a luxurious abode, the sons of these princes emerge at a very early age. Nursed in the love of fame, as the only end worthy of their birth, they see that its track leads through the imperial camp, and thither they repair. So strongly is a military life the passion of this illustrious race of men, that they sometimes enroll their sons in the army within the year in which they are born. Twelve years of age is the usual period; and then, even youths of the first distinction do not commence their martial career as officers: they are not considered fit to command before they know how to obey.

Suworoff himself, the great model of our heroick Bagration, though the son of a general officer, was first enrolled in the Russian army as a fusileer in the guards of Seimonoff. In 1747, he served as a corporal; two years after he was promoted to the rank of serjeant, and employed as a courier during the campaigns in Poland and Germany. In 1754, he obtained a lieutenantcy; and after gradual promotions, at length arrived to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. "Then came his blushing honours thick upon

him;" and at last he died, Field-marhal Suworoff Rymnikski, count of the empire.

Similar would be the fruits, if the like probation were used in the British line. Were Englishmen to serve, before they issued orders; were they disciplined in the field, before they attempted to marshal an army; did they pass through as regular a military practice as British seamen do a naval one, the ensign of England would fly as proudly as her flag.

The rudiments of a soldier's duty were instilled into the young Prince Bagration, as soon as his opening faculties could apprehend their use. All eyes were turned to the growing fame of the great Suworoff. Though descended of a noble Swedish family, and only transplanted into Russia in the beginning of the last century, yet his forefathers had deserved well of the Tzars, and been endowed with lands and peasants, and the imperial friendship. Alexander Suworoff, the hero of Rymnikski, proved himself alike worthy of the country whence he sprung, and of that to which he was now attached; he conquered her enemies and covered her with glory. To such a conspicuous example of martial achievement, the young Bagration looked with rapturous admiration. The events of the brilliant campaign of 1762 were yet alive in the memory of the veterans who surrounded the prince. The prowess of the brave Suworoff, and his gallant brother in arms, the renowned prince Volkonsky, was a model which they delighted to hold up to his imitation.

Instead of leading their illustrious pupil to the illuminated theatres of Moscow, to lose his senses in the gayeties of scenick enchantment; instead of dissipating his mind by female assemblies, and sparkling promenades; they immersed themselves with him in a remote apartment of his paternal palace, where he travelled with Alexander to the Indian shores, scaled the Alps with Hannibal, and accompanied Cesar through the vast forests of Gaul. Turenne and Montecuculi, with the great Condé, made his heart glow. Charles of Sweden fired him with ambition; and Peter the Great made him grasp his little sword, and glory in belonging to his empire.

Thus was this young hero brought to understand the merits of his future master in arms; thus was he taught to follow with his mind and heart the narratives of his preceptors, as they recounted the various achievements of their adored Suworoff: his campaigns against the confederates of Poland, his victories on the Danube, and his conquests in the Crimea. Thus was he attempered to meet him with all the enthusiasm of an ingenuous and martial heart, when that famous commander returned to Moscow from the subjugation of the Nogoy Tatars in the year 1784.

Few persuasions were necessary to induce Marshal Suworoff to enroll the young prince under his command. They left Moscow together; and instead of the eastern luxuries which might have attended the march of so extensive a conqueror, he beheld a simplicity which reminded him of the days of Phocion or of Cincinnatus. The manners of Suworoff were adopted by every officer who wished to gain his favour, or acquire renown. He rose at four in the morning throughout the year; winter or summer making no difference to his robust constitution, rendered so by toil and temperance. A heap of fresh hay was his bed, with a truss for a pillow, and his cloak for a coverlid. His dress was simple, srtrictly military, and put on in a few seconds; and his meals were despatched with a haste that precluded luxury. He hardly ever devoted more than an hour to walking, after which he sat down to transact the official duties of the day. He read letters and reports, dictated answers, gave orders, and then applied himself to a general inspection that all were properly executed. The small portion of

leisure he enjoyed was devoted to reading; but like Alexander's choice of the Iliad, his studies were all directed towards the history and progress of arms. However strict he was with his soldiers, whether in discipline, or in almost incredible marches and enterprise, they regarded him with an affection bordering on idolatry. Rigorous in the field that all should do their duty to the utmost, their necessary wants and comforts were the constant objects of his care. This perfect picture of a soldier Bagration resolved to copy. He saw that Suworoff's military career had been one long and uniform course of triumphs; inflamed with a generous emulation to become all he admired, the love of his country, and an ambition to contend in arms for her glory, became the ruling principle of his life; and to that, like the youthful Hannibal, he determined to consecrate all the faculties of his soul, all the strength of his manhood.

Such was the spirit with which this brave young prince followed his veteran leader through the dangers of many a hard fought field. The banks of the Dneiper, the Limon, and the Rymnick, can bear witness to the ardour of his maiden sword. Bender and Belgrade bowed to the Russian arms; and Ismael, defended by a strong garrison, fell to the ground. So fearful a lesson of war long dwelt on the memory of our young hero. He shuddered at the moment when he leapt the wall, and saw it lie in blood before him; and almost regretted that he was born a prince and a soldier.

The laurels of that desolated city were yet green on their brows, when they were called into Poland, and there swept the country with fire and sword, until Warsaw submitted to their arms. The effusion of human blood is so horrible, even to those accustomed to see it shed, that Bagration beheld with wonder, while his own tears flowed, that the destroyer of Ismael could weep over the fate of Warsaw. The capitulation of that ruined capital being signed, Field-marshal Suworoff made his entry into it, attended by his generals and the rest of his army. Bagration was all attention. At nine they passed the bridge on horseback. Suworoff was received by the magistrates of the city clothed in black. The president presented to him the keys, with a brief address. The field-marshal took them, pressed them to his lips, and then holding them up towards heaven, he said: "Almighty God, I render thee thanks that I have not been compelled to purchase the keys of this place as dear as——" turning his face towards the burning relicks of Praga, his voice failed him, and his cheeks were bedewed with tears.

Such a tribute of humanity did indeed deserve the encomiums which Prince Cobourg has always expressed for his character; and causes every feeling heart to sympathize with the following farewell letter which his highness wrote to Suworoff.

"General—I must quit you on Friday, to take upon me my new command in Hungary; and no circumstance of my departure so afflicts me as my separation from such a worthy and inestimable friend. I know how to value your elevated character. Our friendship has been formed by circumstances of the greatest importance; and on every occasion I have had reason to admire you as a hero, and to love you as a man. Judge then yourself, my incomparable master, of the regret I suffer in separating myself from a man who has so many claims upon my particular regard and attachment. You alone can console me by preserving that affection with which you have already honoured me; and I protest to you, that frequent assurances of your friendship are absolutely necessary to my happiness. I cannot bear the thought of taking a personal leave of you, and in the avowal of this sentiment, I appeal to those in your own breast. I most solemnly declare that I feel for you the most ardent friendship; and I trust that you will grant me the continuation of yours, which has been, to the present moment, the delight of my military life. Be assured of a re-

turn of my most lasting acknowledgment. You will ever be the most cherished friend that heaven has granted me; for no one has an equal claim to the high regard with which I am your excellency's most humble servant,

PRINCE COBOURG.

After these brilliant campaigns, in which this veteran leader had subdued kingdoms, the prince Bagration returned with him to St. Petersburg, and there partook of all the honours so richly bestowed by the empress, on those who asserted her rights and extended her empire.

In 1799, our hero accompanied the Field Marshal into Italy; and there formed a junction with general Melas at Valeggio. Suworoff took on himself the chief command of both armies; and immediately adopted the proper measures to push forward, and form the blockades of Mantua and Peschiera. Bagration had now passed the regular gradations in the army; and though yet not more than eight and twenty, had deservedly attained the rank of general. Shortly after the dispositions relative to the blockade were made, he, at the head of his detachment, came up with the French, and beat them near Cremona; taking four hundred prisoners and some cannon. Strange effects of war; that the natives of the banks of the Seine and of the Volga, should march over many a league, to meet at last on the Po, for the purposes of mutual destruction!

Brescia was next taken. Our young hero, along with general Vuckassavich, penetrated the mountains and drove the enemy from Tonale to Edolo; descended the valley of the Oglio, and pushed to the northern extremity of the Lake of Iseo. Thus, as the heads of the vallies on the two slopes of the great Alps were secured, the left flank of their Swiss army and the right flank of their army in Italy were supported; and those of the enemy in the same countries, were turned. The inhabitants of the various towns, finding these advantages brought about by the skill and bravery of the young Bagration, rose upon the French; and victory followed the imperial standards wherever they flew. The prince and some Austrians were sent to Parma to rescue the Pope, whom the enemy were carrying to France; but the information had arrived too late. When they arrived there, the unfortunate Pius the Sixth was already far out of their reach. Disappointed in this enterprise, they directed their force against a large body of republicans who lay at some distance; and after a long march across a country flooded with continual rains, Bagration had the satisfaction to drive the enemy back to Lecco with considerable loss.

Moreau now took the field against the allied armies, and stationed his troops along the opposite bank of the Adda to that occupied by the imperialists and Russians. Marshal Suworoff, confiding in the intrepidity of his favourite generals, Vuckassovich and Bagration, unable to turn the French line, resolved to force it; as to conquer the Milanese, was of the greatest importance to the issue of the campaign. The two generals, accordingly, as a first measure, succeeded in making themselves masters of a flying bridge, which the enemy had neglected completely to destroy. Having quickly repaired it, they marched their men across the river, and took a position at Brivio. So important was the situation, that it is surprising Moreau did not see the necessity of guarding it with picquets. Similar dispositions were made with the rest of the combined army, till the whole of it was transported to the best point of attack. The consequences were evident. A formidable battle took place, and the enemy retired towards Milan. They were pursued; but the obscurity of the night, and the fatigue of the victors favoured their retreat. The reduction of Milan immediately

followed; and, in the course of a few days, marshal Suworoff and his brave compeers entered the capital of Lombardy in triumph.

By surprising the passage of the Adda at Brivio, the line of communication was destroyed between the centre and left of the French; the latter, thus cut off, had general Vuckassovich upon its right flank; and on its left, prince Bagration, who carried the bridge of that place, and forced the enemy to take to flight. He then supported Vuckassovich, compelled the French general Serrurier to lay down his arms, and he and his men (to the amount of three thousand) became prisoners of war. Serrurier, as a mark of respect to his valour and probity, was permitted to return into France on his parole that he would not serve during the war. Bagration admired this brave officer, who having been a lieutenant colonel under Louis XVI. had so preserved his honour unsullied from the cruelty or avidity of the republican generals, as to go by the name of the *virgin of the army*.

The Milanese being entirely in the possession of the combined armies, the best dispositions were made to surround the enemy. Conformably with this plan, marshal Suworoff determined to attack both the French flanks at the same instant. Moreau sustained the shock with impregnable firmness, and overthrowing the advanced posts of the imperialists, drove them by Marengo towards St. Juliano. Prince Bagration, who was marching from Novi with five Russian battalions towards the Po, came up with the flying Austrians, and rallying them, did not hesitate to stand the brunt of a pursuing enemy. He formed the united corps into two lines, faced the enemy, and under a burst of inspiring martial musick, charged them with fixed bayonets, and put them to the route. Turin, Carmagnola, Pignerol, Suza, Ferrara, and Ravenna, opened their gates to the conquerors; and thus did the brave Russians, in one week, carry their arms from the Scrivia to the Stura and the Dora, nay to the very frontiers of France!

General Macdonald now advanced from South Italy to reenforce Moreau, hoping, that, with their united armies, they might recover the Milanese, and drive the allies back. Suworoff foresaw this, and knowing how to accommodate his measures to the circumstances around him, he anticipated Macdonald, and came up with him near Placentia. It was night when the marshal arrived, and granting his troops only a few hours repose, he formed them in order of battle. They were drawn up in three columns, prince Bagration leading the vanguard. The conflict was long and obstinate; but Macdonald was beaten and wounded. Enraged at this discomfiture, at the very first movement he made towards the fulfilment of his mighty design, he resolved to take a speedy revenge. He was at the head of at least thirty thousand men, and the allies had no more. His line lay behind the Trebia, which divided him from the victors, now doubly fatigued by conquest and the preceding forced march. Aware of this advantage, the republicans advanced suddenly across the river and pushed back the Russian out-posts. The whole of the French army passed over and opened a heavy fire on the allies, attempting by a strong effort to turn their flanks. After a short but vigorous contest, the right was nearly overpowered, when prince Bagration, seeing its danger, came up, outflanked in turn the hostile column, fell upon it with an impetuous charge, dispersed it on all sides, took its cannon, and many prisoners, amongst whom were four general officers. Macdonald, routed in all quarters, was obliged to sound a hasty retreat, and once more leave the field to his conquerors.

The retiring of Macdonald into Tuscany, the retreat of Moreau into the defiles of the Appenines, and the re-union of marshal Suworoff with general Bellegarde upon the banks of the Bormida, changed the war of battles into that of blockades and of sieges. The advantages which Suworoff expected from these successes, were the conquest of Tuscany, and the capture of Alessandria, Tortona, and Mantua. These plans being ardently seconded by Bagration, and the other generals under his command, were effected; and the field marshal had the satisfaction to receive the keys of the three cities. Meanwhile, the grand duke of Tuscany and his subjects, rising upon the republicans, Macdonald was obliged to evacuate the country, confessing that the French had ruined the inhabitants by their requisitions; and, strange to tell, he offered them, as a compensation for such robbery, the fruits of their pillage. But, at any rate, it was a great triumph on the part of suffering Italy, to be able to demand such restitution from the ravager.

Prince Bagration, at the head of the vanguard of the principal army of the allies, gained ground on the Appenines on the road to Genoa; and having pushed his advanced post to near Gavi, invested the fort of Serraville; and by the vigour of his fire forced the garrison to surrender. By gaining this castle, which stands on a high bank of the Scrivia, he commanded the whole valley, to which this fortress is the key. The acquisition of so important a post in the mountains, determined Suworoff to watch Moreau and his colleague Joubert, from Novi, where he fixed his head quarters. Soon after this disposition, the terrible battle of Novi took place. The French were drawn up to great advantage on the heights; but Suworoff, unaccustomed to temporise, and knowing how to find in danger an opportunity for victory, at nine o'clock in the morning attacked them in front. The extreme acclivity of the mountains, and the incessant fire of the French, rendered abortive this act of desperate valour. The Russians were repulsed with loss; but for six hours they renewed the assault; and though beaten back each time, yet each time they pushed on with redoubled force and intrepidity. Rosenberg, Derfelden, and Bagration, after prodigies of valour, and great slaughter of their men, were obliged to lead back their troops. But again, after an hour's breathing, they renewed the charge at four o'clock, and ascended the mountain on their hands and knees, under a fire that swept like the lava of Etna. Victory now hovered over the Russians; general Melas with his fresh battalions arrived to their support, and after a desperate conflict the heights were taken, the French driven from their posts, and rolling down the declivities in heaps of wounded and dying, covered the plain beneath with blood and carnage. Eight thousand republicans were killed, and four thousand made prisoners. The allies also paid dear for the victory, having lost seven thousand of their bravest troops.

Italy being cleared of the enemy, it was thought expedient that the Russians, by whom so hard fought a service was done, should carry their conquering arms into Switzerland; and there reap new laurels for themselves, and safety for the inhabitants. Bagration received this news with rapture. On reading the orders, he turned to one of his aid-de-camps, and said: "My long wish will now be gratified. I shall see the brave descendants of the brother heroes of the glorious William Tell. May the liberty of this virtuous people be as immortal as the memory of that heroick man!"

Generals Massena and Jourdan commanded the French troops in Switzerland. Soon the gallant Bagration, who was attached to the division of general Korsakoff, had an opportunity to pay the homage of his heart in the

chapel of his Swiss hero, to shed his blood on the spot where Tell's had flowed, and to support the Archduke Charles before the towers of Zurich. The day after he joined his imperial highness, the whole of the Russian army entered Switzerland, and doubly strengthened the hands of that brave Austrian commander. Indeed, great and momentous to all Europe, nay to the world at large, might have been the effects of that union of heroes, had the plans of those generals, ratified by the cabinets of London and Petersburgh, been followed: but the inexplicable and destructive policy of the court of Vienna manacled the motions of the archduke, and ruined all.

Korsakoff seemed paralyzed by the sudden immobility of the Austrians. He was surprised by the French, and, incapable of extricating himself from sudden dangers, led the unfortunate Russians under his command into deeper peril and disaster. Bagration stemmed the torrent in vain. At length, seeing their situation desperate, with a heroism which struck his enemies with awe, he cut his way, with a handful of men, through several thousand French, and appeared before marshal Suworoff, covered with wounds and with glory.

It was no inconsiderable vexation to this unconquered veteran, to lose, by the misconduct of others, an opportunity of crowning his labours with new wreaths, and of rescuing Switzerland from the grasp of France. Too tenacious of a soldier's fame to measure back his steps, he resolved to carry St. Gothard, and to pass by the vallies of Mutten and Clonthal, into the canton of Glarus, and there join general Lincken.

On the 24th of September the army halted before St. Gothard. Its formidable bridge, called *le pont du diable*, is the terrour of all who cross it, and was the particular scene of Bagration's bravery. Though hardly recovered from his wounds, he yet pressed forward with the first, to mount this fearful precipice. On sight of the mountain, all was hope and enthusiasm among the troops. They encountered and attacked the enemy's outposts about a mile from Airolo. General Lecourbe made an obstinate resistance. The possession of this advantageous defile had been one of his most celebrated achievements; and on the very spot where his fame rose, he saw it likely to be blasted. Suworoff advanced. He looked around him with a steady eye, and raising his hand solemnly to heaven, exclaimed, in the hearing of his brave fellows—"By the great God of Battles I swear, that if I do not conquer the French this day, on this spot, for ever after to bury myself, a hermit, within the deepest caverns of these mountains!" The Russians inflamed with religious zeal, at these words set up a terrible shout; and Bagration, knowing that the marshal would keep his oath, charged with redoubled violence upon the enemy. The bridge was firmly disputed; but at length he cleared the way for his eager troops, and they rushed on. Suworoff appeared like the god of war himself, animating his soldiers, and leading them over heaps of slain. Two great generals were contending for honours dearer to them than their lives. But victory declared for Suworoff, and the French, abandoning the ground, made a hasty retreat.

This great object being attained, the marshal turned his steps towards Glarus, hoping, by his junction with Lincken, to finish what he had so happily begun. Full of these designs, he wrote to Korsakoff, and the generals under his command:

"You will answer with your lives for every further step that you retreat. I am coming to repair your faults."

Whatever surprise Suworoff had felt on learning the disasters of the allies, no less was experienced by Moreau, when he was informed of the rapid and victorious march of the Russian general. Prince Bagration, as usual, commanded the advanced guard. General Auffemberg led a small column, which was the first to reach Clonthalersee, where the French had obtained a strong position. Auffemberg having been misinformed on this head, was surrounded, and summoned to surrender. So far from acceding to their demand, he defended himself with admirable resolution, and gave time to Bagration to come up to his assistance. The French were then attacked in their turn with fixed bayonets, their ranks broken, and put to the rout. A strong line of the enemy yet retained some advantageous heights; and though our gallant prince was again wounded, he saw that it would be difficult for the remainder of the allied army, which had now arrived, to march in safety under their fire; and therefore, during the night, he made a sudden and desperate attack upon them; drove them from their positions; seized their cannon; and pursued them to the environs of Naefels. This exploit gave the Russians entire possession of the road from Schweitz to Glarus.

Suworoff was prosecuting his victorious march, when he was confounded by the arrival of orders from St. Petersburgh, that he and the army under his command should immediately return home. It is not necessary to enter here into the detail of the follies which impelled the Emperour Paul to this absurd measure. The retreat of the Russians alarmed Europe; and exposed to view dissensions which had long been anticipated by the best informed politicians.

Bagration and his veteran friend now bade a long, and perhaps an eternal adieu to Switzerland. The prince beheld the glorious issue of their Alpine career, thus prematurely cut off, with the deepest regret, and the most painful reflections. He looked at Suworoff, and a strange foreboding seemed to announce a melancholy termination of so bright a track. He beheld this redoubted warriour, even in the midst of victory, bending under the weight of years. He was sixty-nine years of age when he raised his invincible standard on the summit of St. Gothard. He had fought the Prussians, the Poles, the Turks, and the Tartars. He had carried conquest from the shores of the Baltick, to the Black and the Caspian seas. Nothing was wanting to complete his resplendent career but to become a scourge to the monsters of regicide; and this had happened! The man who had in the north of Asia, conquered barbarians, came to the south of Europe to vanquish still more savage men, who boasted of having arrived at the highest pitch of civil perfection. He who had carried his battalions to the remote countries which the Romans could not penetrate, also conducted them into the very seat of that august empire. He who had surveyed the horrours of Caucasus, came to clime the precipitous St. Gothard, and lay all its horrours at his feet. The same man who had acquired renown in triumphing over nations which opposed to him courage without science, supported a prouder name in fighting against enemies, who added to bravery science, and to science genius. The same man who had reduced Schains Ghiroy, Khau of Tatary, to the rank of a private individual, nay, more, who had dethroned Stanislaus, king of Poland, went to Italy to restore its dominions to its lawful sovereigns! So extraordinary a destiny, so wide in its aims, so inconsistent in its pursuits, though all meeting in the point of military glory, absorbed the meditations of Bagration, and possessed his thoughts till he reentered St. Petersburgh.

The reception of Marshal Suworoff was unworthy of his merits. Paul had lost his sense of real worth, and, with a mad ingratitude, he frowned upon the conqueror for Russia, the great Rymnikski. Suworoff bore his undeserved disgrace like a hero. His father, the godson of Peter the First, had bequeathed him a large property, which the munificence of the empress Catharine had augmented to immense riches: to this estate he retired. He had survived his good fortune, the favour of his sovereign, and the smiles of his friends. All fled the now ill-treated Suworoff but his grateful Bagration. That prince revered him more under this unmerited cloud, than when he was blazing in the meridian splendour of court hunours, and national popularity. Disappointment and ingratitude conquered the vanquisher of hosts, and the disposer of kingdoms. In the year 1801 his valiant heart sunk a prey to his fate. He died, and left Europe to mourn his loss.

The death of his master in arms answered the melancholy forebodings of the gallant Bagration, and struck deep to his heart. The horrible tyranny of the execrable Paul so ill agreed with his noble spirit, that he withdrew himself to his palace at Moscow, and there passed his time in studying plans of future heroism and renown. The prince was not a hermit in his seclusion. He had a circle around him of noble warriours like himself; and in their society, embellished with the occasional presence of the most lovely and illustrious of the fair sex in that august capital, he beguiled the tedious months; till the death of Paul relieved his country from a monster, and placed an amiable and brave monarch on the imperial throne.

When Alexander took the field against the French, Prince Bagration followed his standard; and in the various conflicts preceding the fatal battles of Austerlitz and Friedland, distinguished himself by extraordinary instances of promptitude and enterprise. Like Coriolanus, he could bare his breast, and show how many scars he had received for his country.

On his return to Russia, after one of these hard fought fields, wherein he had two horses shot under him, and rescued the flower of another general's division, at the hazard of his life; when all hearts were drawn towards him by the disinterested patiotism of the action; a magnificent entertainment was prepared by the nobility of Moscow, to greet his arrival. He was received into a superb saloon, illuminated by ten thousand lamps, and blazing with all the beauty of that immense and imperial city. At the further end of the room, amidst a grove of laurel trees, stood a colossal statue of the great Suworoff. On its pedestal was engraved this inscription:—

The immortal Suworoff!
A crown of laurel is dedicated from the same grove,
To
Prince Peter Ivonitch Bagration,
By
His grateful countrymen.

At the moment he approached, an ode, such as was used to celebrate the Olympick victors, burst from the bosom of the grove:—

[*A prose translation of this Ode, from the original Russian Poetry*]

Friendship unites, and brings us here; Joy enraptures each heart;
Truth herself proclaims that Bagration dedicates himself to the empire;
Superiour to ambition, glory is his aim;
He loves our monarch, and he defends our country;
Despising envy and detraction, he alone is the instrument of great acts and of justice.

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!

Fortune was not his auxiliary; Bagration's well earned honours
Were won with toil, and steeped in his flowing blood.
The fame of Russia he gemmed not with trivial acquisitions,
But emblazoned by the greatness of his victories.
If disaster clouded the brightness of our arms, he appeared
And the gloom dispelled; courage revived,
And the shouts of triumph rang through the battalions.
The hosts of an enemy never dismayed his soul;
His strength was in his heart, and with a chosen few
He vanquished thousands.

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!
A hero devotes his life to his country, is satisfied with the gratitude of her sons;
He disdains all other recompense;
Its success is his reward, its honour his glory.
He despises the luxuries of indolence, as he abhors the pleasures of vice.
He lives but in his country, and his life is immortal;
For those who build an eternal name on acts of patriotism and valour,
Die not—they live for ever!

CHORUS.

Entwine for him a crown from the hero's grove,
For he truly deserves that sacred laurel!

While this air was sung, the emotions of the prince were very visible; and when it was finished, unable to restrain them any longer, in a transport of enthusiastick remembrance, he rushed towards the statue of the deceased Suworoff, and most ardently embracing it, exclaimed: "To thee do I owe all!"

This action drew bursts of admiration from the warriours that were present; and the women wept tears of delight to see such amiable sensibility in so brave a bosom.

This prince is as accomplished as he is valiant; and unites with a graceful person, a countenance of the most heroick cast. His complexion bears the marks of many climates; but his eyes are bright and piercing. His nose is aquiline; and his mouth expresses all the sweetness and affability of his nature. His deportment is modest, dignified, and engaging. Such a man is the Prince Bagration, the "flower of Russian chivalry," the admiration of his enemies, and the friend of all good and great men of every nation.

After the fall of Dantzick, he saw the olive withering, which bound Russia to the English empire. It burst asunder, and the brand of war was lighted. His troops were again assembled; but not to retread the plains of Italy, nor to reascend the steeps of the Alps. He changed the march of his brave followers, to meet a respected foe on the plains of Finland; and there, under Russian colours, contend with the enemies of France, with the late friends of Russia! Mysterious policy of courts! amazing versatility of cabinets, whither will ye lead us! The Prince Bagration, the conqueror of Britain's foes, is now in arms against her on the shores of Bothnia. When virtue so meets, then may hostility die; and there may peace again mingle the olive with his laurel; once more may it bind the united hands of the two greatest empires in the world, England and Russia!

POETRY.

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The following JEU D'ESPRIT, by Mr. Cowper, author of the Task, descriptive of one of his rural excursions, is not in his published poems, or in his posthumous works, and has never appeared in print.

THE DISTRESSED TRAVELLERS;

OR LABOUR IN VAIN.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

[An excellent new song to a tune never sung before.]

I SING of a journey to Clifton*
We would have performed, if we could;
Without cart or barrow, to lift on
Poor Mary,† and me, through the mud.
Sle, Sla, Slud,
Stuck in the mud;
O it is pretty to wade through a flood!

So away we went slipping, and sliding,
Hop, hop, *a la mode de deux frogs:*
'Tis near as good walking as riding,
When ladies are dressed in their clogs.
Wheels no doubt,
Go briskly about,
But they clatter, and rattle, and make such a rout.

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

"Well! now, I protest it is charming;
How finely the weather improves!
That cloud, though, is rather alarming,
How slowly and stately it moves."

HE.

"Pshaw! never mind,
'Tis not in the wind:
We are travelling south, and shall leave it behind."

SHE.

"I am glad we are come for an airing;
For folks may be pounded and penn'd,
Until they grow rusty, not caring
To stir half a mile to an end."

HE.

"The longer we stay,
The longer we may;
It's a folly to think about weather or way."

SHE.

"But now I begin to be frighted:
If I fall what a way I should roll!
I am glad that the bridge was indicted:
Stay! stop! I am sunk in a hole!"

HE.

"Nay, never care,
'Tis a common affair;
You'll not be the last, that will set a foot there."

SHE.

"Let me breathe now a little, and ponder
On what it were better to do:
That terrible lane, I see yonder,
I think we shall never get through."

HE.

"So think I:
But by the by,
We never shall know, if we never should try."

SHE.

"But, should we get there, how shall we get home;
What a terrible deal of bad road we have past!
Slipping, and sliding; and if we should come
To a difficult stile, I am ruined at last!
Oh this lane!
Now it is plain,
That struggling, and striving, is labour in vain."

HE.

"Stick fast there, while I go and look."

SHE.

"Don't go away, for fear I should fall!"

HE.

"I have examined it every nook,
And what you have here, is a sample of all.
Come wheel round;
The dirt we have found
Would be an estate, at a farthing a pound."

Now sister Anne‡ the guitar you must take,
Set it, and sing it, and make it a song:
I have varied the verse, for variety's sake,
And cut it off short—because it was long.
'Tis hobbling, and lame,
Which criticks won't blame;
For the sense, and the sound, they say, should be the same.

* A village near Olney. † Mrs. Unwin. ‡ The late lady Austin.

APPOINTMENT DISAPPOINTED!
or,
VON SCHLEMMER, AND "POT LUCK."

An Englishman invited once
A German friend to dine
On plain *pot luck*,—for such his phrase—
And drink some good port wine.

Mein Herr repaired at proper time
With stomach for the treat:
The viands on the table placed,
Von Schlemmer took his seat.

Soup, turkey, beef, by turns were serv'd,
Mein Herr declined each one:
Fowls, turtle, sauce, they followed next,
Von Schlemmer tasted none.

His host at length, by kindness urged,
Press'd him to taste some duck:
"Achnein!" with groans Von Schlemmer said,
"I vait for de POT LUCK!"

QUIZ.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

The following books have been lately published and are for sale by Hopkins and Earl, No. 170, Market Street—viz.

"LECTURES on Ecclesiastical History—by the late George Campbell, D. D. Aberdeen.

Rural Philosophy, by Ely Bates.

Remarks on the Uses of the Definitive Article in the Greek Text of the New Testament—by Granville Sharpe, Esq.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, A Poem—by Walter Scott, Esq.

Ballads and Lyrical Pieces—by the same.

Marmion; A Tale of Flodden Field—by the same.

The Vicar of Wakefield. An immaculate edition.

The Complete Navigator—by Andrew Mackay, L. L. D. and F. R. S. Edinburg, &c. To which is added a concise system of Calculations for finding the Longitude at sea by Lunar Observations—by P. Delamar. A premium edition.

William P. Farrand & Co. have published the third number of the American Law Journal and Miscellaneous Repertory, by John E. Hall, Esq. of Baltimore.—The fourth number is in the press.

By Hopkins and Earle Philadelphia, and Farrand, Mallory, & Co. Boston.

Three Dissertations on Boylston Prize Questions—by George Cheyne Shattuck, M. D.

Sermons on Several Subjects—by the late William Paley, D. D.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

John E. Hall, Esq. of Baltimore, has completed and will speedily publish a translation of the Praxis Supremæ Curiæ Admiralitatis, written by Francis Clarke, who was Register of the Court of Arches during the reign of queen Elizabeth. This is almost the only work on the practice of the admiralty court, and is esteemed as unquestionable authority at the bar. This translation is made from the edition of 1798, faithfully collated with two M.S. copies in the handwriting of Dr. Wyseman and Dr. Lloyd. To that edition many important notes are added; and the translator has added others on the Practice and Jurisdiction of the District Court of the United States, as well as an Appendix of precedents established in English and American Admiralty Courts.

Hopkins & Earle have in the press—"A Report of the Trial of Aaron Burr, for High Treason"—by D. Robertson, Esq.

The History of the World, from the reign of Alexander to that of Augustus—by Jno. Gillies, L. L. D.

French Campaigns in Prussia, Saxony, and Poland.

History of the Church—by Milnor.

A Systematical and Practical Treatise on the Doctrines of Divinity—by the Rev. William C. Davis.

C. & A. Conrad & Co. Philadelphia, have issued proposals for publishing

A System of General Geography: containing a topographical, statistical, and descriptive Survey of the Earth. To which is prefixed, A History of the Earth as a

planetary body, of the Solar System in general, and of the Universe—in two volumes; the first containing the Geography of America, the second containing the Geography of the Eastern Hemisphere—by Charles B. Brown.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Travels in America, performed in 1806, for the purpose of exploring the rivers Allegany, Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi, and ascertaining the produce and social condition of their banks and vicinity—by Thomas Ashe, Esq. late captain in the York Rangers.—In 3 thick volumes, small octavo, price one guinea in boards.

The first book of T. Lucretius Carus, of the nature of things: translated into English verse—by the Rev. W. Hamilton Drummond.—In 1 vol. foolscap octavo—price 5*s.* bound.

Memoirs of an American Lady, with sketches of manners and scenery in America, as they existed previous to the revolution—by the author of "Letters from the Mountains," &c. &c.—In 2 vols. duodecimo.

Universal Biography; containing a copious account, critical and historical, of the life and character, labours and actions of eminent persons, in all ages and countries, conditions and professions; arranged in alphabetical order, abridged from the larger Work in quarto—by J. Lemprierre, D. D.—In 1 large volume octavo,—price 16*s.* in boards.

Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English Verse, with the Originals; and a Pragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost—by the late William Cowper, Esq. with a Preface and Notes from various authors, by the Editor, and three Designs, by John Flaxman, Esq.—In royal 4to.—price 2*l.* 2*s.* in boards.

The Georgicks of Publius Virgilius Maro, translated into English blank verse—by James R. Deare, L. L. D. Vicar of Bures, in the county of Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his majesty.—In post 8vo. embellished with a head of Virgil, and hot-pressed—price 7*s.* in extra boards.

The Shipwreck of St. Paul, a Seatonian Prize Poem—by the Rev. C. T. Hoare, A. M. Fellow of St. John's College, and Vicar of Blandford Forum, Dorset.

Jerusalem; or, an Answer to the following inquiries: What is the Etymology of the word Jeruralem? And, is there any connexion between Salem and Jerusalem? By Granville Sharp. Wherein is shown, that the true and literal interpretation of the word "Jerusalem" comprehends two verry opposite and distinct national characters, pecuilarly applicable to two equally opposite and distinct, though very disproportionate parts of the Hebrew nation; characters which are unquestionably expressed in the original name of their own capital city, though this has never before been explained, it seems, either by Jews or Christians. 2*s.*

The Itinerant, or Genuine Memoirs of an Actor—by S. W. Ryley.—3 vols. 1*l.*. 1*s.*

An account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce, of Kinnaird, Esq. F. R. S. Author of Travels to discover the Source of the Nile—by Alexander Murray, F. A. S. 4to. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Characters, Moral and Political, of the principal Personages throughout the French Revolution, the Consular and Imperial Government. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

An Authentick Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major John Andre, Adjutant-general of the British Forces in North America—by Joshua Hall Smith, Esq. 8*s.*

The Cottagers of Glenburnie; a Tale for the Farmer's Ingle-Nook—by Elizabeth Hamilton. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Siege of Rochelle—by Madame Genlis. Translated by R. C. Dallas, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo.

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Sergeant Williams is about to publish a new edition of Sir Edmund Saunders's Reports of Pleadings and Cases in the Court of King's Bench, in the Reign of King Charles the Second; accompanied with Notes and References. It will be printed in two volumes royal octavo.

The Life of Romney—by Mr. Hayley, is nearly finished. This is expected to be an interesting work, that will tend to make that eminent painter more universally known; he to whom Mr. Hayley has already paid so classical a tribute of affection, Mr. Isaac Peach, one of the painter's earliest pupils, has lately gained the first prize given by the English school.